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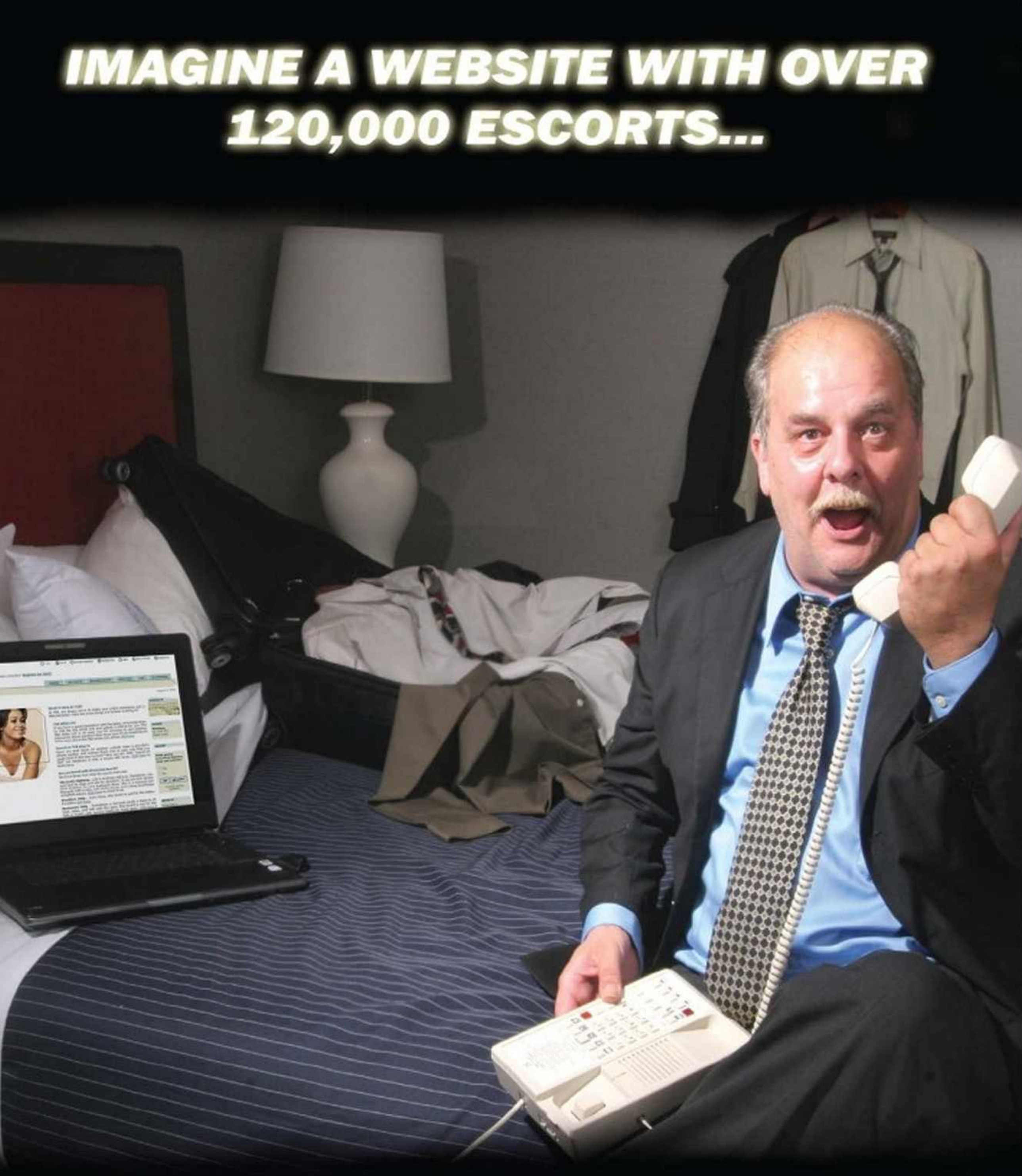

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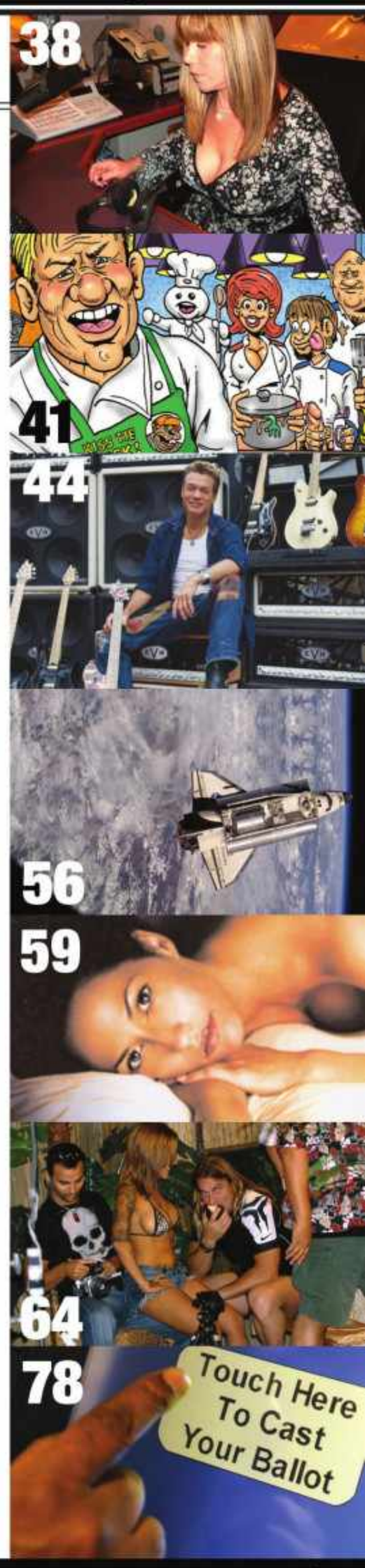

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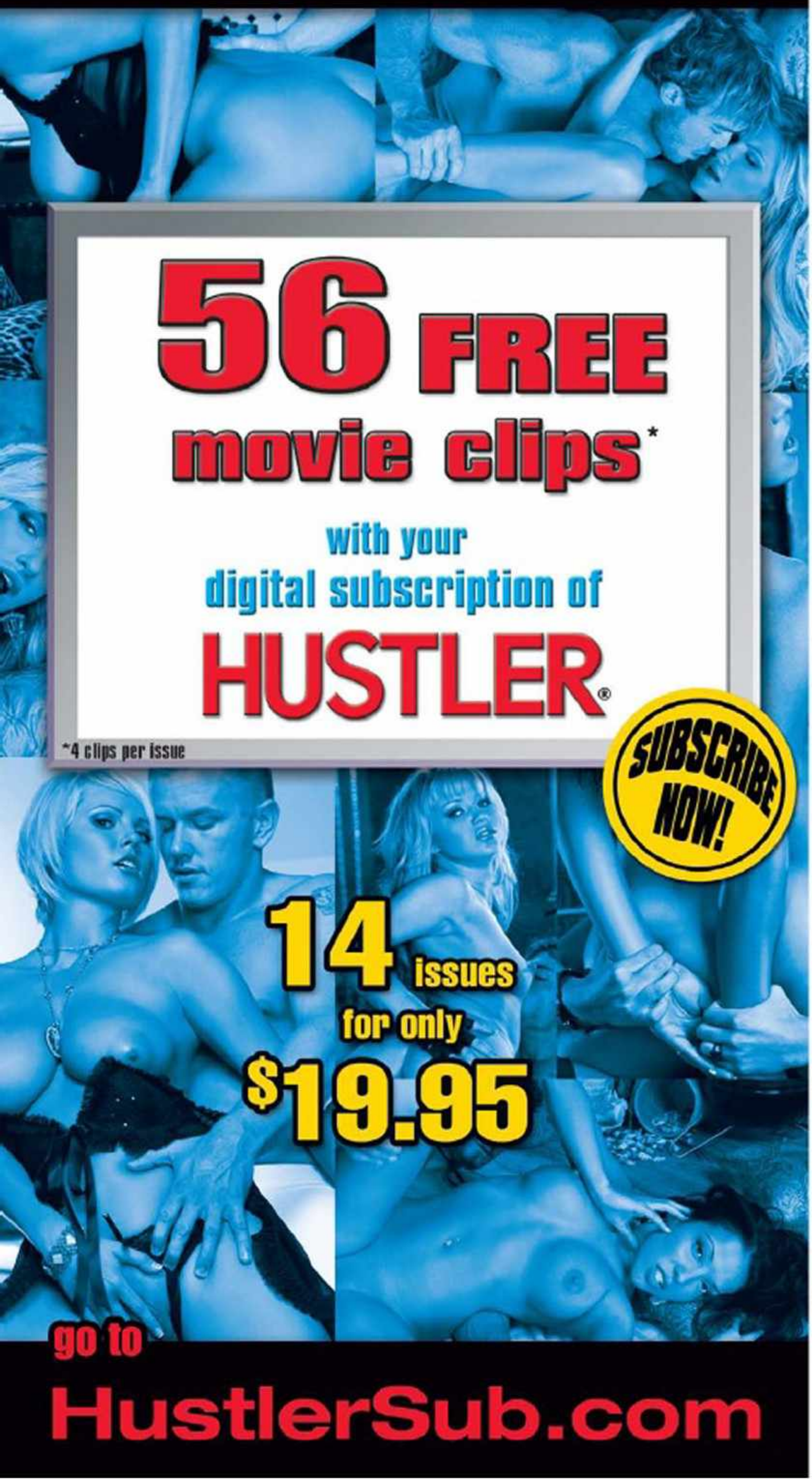

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Cover photo by Holly Randall/Suze.net

WHAT OBAMA MUST SAY

President Barack Obama, please feel free to appropriate any portion of the following pronouncement:

"My fellow Americans, I have instructed the attorney general to immediately launch an in-depth investigation into any crimes that may have been committed by my predecessor George W. Bush, Vice President Dick Cheney and others within the previous administration. This investigation—which will be thorough, open and forthright—is not being conducted with malice, nor does it stem from any misguided notion of partisan retribution. Rather, its sole purpose is to protect the rule of law and the Constitution of the United States of America. Let it be known by one and all that, in this country, no person, organization, business entity or political party is above the law. A failure to investigate illegal activities orchestrated in the Bush White House—a decision to look the other way—would in and of itself be a crime against the American people."

You know this is so, Mr. President. Now act like it is.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

BY KEITH VALCOURT

A slacker is defined as a person who shirks his responsibilities. Slackers are usually viewed as lazy. This one, however, is an incorrectly named, highly motivated music machine. The **Slacker H2** radio lets you tune into the **Slacker** online network, which offers 110 genre stations with 75 music directors constantly improving and updating them. With the **H2** and **Slacker** Web site, you can customize a playlist to reflect your personal tastes and download millions of songs. The sleek-looking unit also comes with a set of high-end headphones. Quit slacking. Get **Slacker**.

Available at: ***Slacker.com***. Suggested retail price: $200.

WATCH DOG

You're at work all day, and you just know that slutty wife of yours is screwing the pool boy. With the **Rovio Wi-Fi Enabled Robotic Webcam** you can see and hear exactly what's going on while you're away. Besides providing streaming video and audio, it is the first remote-controlled Webcam to feature NorthStar's smart navigation and positioning system, which works like a mini-GPS. The three-wheeled robot can be easily controlled to move about in any direction from anywhere. Get **Rovio**. Then get a good lawyer.

Available at ***WowWee.com***. Suggested retail price: $299.

SUPERMARKET SWEEP

How many times have you been at a grocery store and couldn't remember exactly what you were supposed to buy? Aw, who are you kidding? All you ever pick up is beer, chips, HUSTLER and more beer. But maybe your wife or girlfriend, who does the real shopping, occasionally forgets your brewskis. Don't let that happen again. Pick up **SmartShopper**, a nifty electronic device that can be magnetically mounted on the fridge.

Simply rattle off the items you need into the unit's speaker, and its state-of-the-art voice-recognition software will create a categorized grocery list. When you're ready to go shopping, hit the print button, and the little memory machine spews out a handy, time-saving list. **SmartShopper**, which runs on four AA batteries, comes packed with 2,500 preloaded items, plus you can add your own unique wares to the master library—like lube. Lord knows you go through a lot of lube.

Available at ***SmartShopperUSA.com***. Suggested retail price: $99.99.

GUITAR GOD

For use with *Rock Band* and *Guitar Hero* on PlayStation 2 and 3, the **Peak Guitar Controller** looks and feels like a real six-string. The awesome gaming ax weighs only 5 pounds yet is extremely sturdy. It can be played wirelessly or with wires and is available in three colors: dead rose, black sunburst and obsidian. The **Peak Guitar Controller** rocks!—literally.

Available at ***Go-Peak.com***. Suggested retail price: $179.99 and $189.99 (sunburst).

WIN iPIG SOUND SYSTEM

PIG OUT!

At first, the **iPig** may seem like a toy, but this cool speaker system is more than that: It's the most advanced iPod docking station created to date. The powerful porker features five built-in speakers, 25 watts of sound, a bright LED smile mouth and 360-degree sound distribution. Plus, it's funny-looking! The **iPig** comes with a remote and is offered in three colors: yellow, white and our favorite, pink.

Available at ***Speakal.com***. Suggested retail price: $139.99.

IPIG SOUND SYSTEM CONTEST ENTRY FORM

Time for you to go the whole hog and pig out with this cool iPig speaker. For your chance to win, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to iPig Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

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GAME ON

BY KEITH VALCOURT

GOLDEN SHOWERS

Golden Axe: Beast Rider

Manufacturer: Sega

Format: PS3, Xbox 360

Remember the cool late-1980s game *Golden Axe*? Yeah, this is it, but it's nothing like you recall. You're still a breathtaking, scantily clad, dragon-riding warrior princess (think Xena but hotter) slashing your way through a barrage of gnarly monsters and undead soldiers. But the graphics and action are far more advanced than before, and you're so much hotter. (We were talking about the warrior princess.)

KILLING MACHINE

SOCOM: U.S. Navy SEALs Confrontation

Manufacturer: Sony

Format: PS3

Designed exclusively for the PS3, the latest in the ***SOCOM*** franchise of first-person shooter games promises to be the ultimate next-generation warfare experience. And it delivers with the most realistic and authentic modern combat action to date. You can almost feel the air as bullets fly above your head! The game features fully customizable characters, seven North African environments and a barrage of new Special Forces, maps, weapons and features. Keep your head down! War is hell!

SLICE & DICE

Afro Samurai

Manufacturer: Namco Bandai

Format: PS3, Xbox 360

Based on the supercool manga and animated Spike TV miniseries, this intense, single-player sword-fighting game kicks much ass. As in the television episodes, the game features cel-shaded animation, and the title character is voiced by the king badass himself, Samuel L. Jackson. The combat is furious as you duck, roll, leap and block while slicing your adversaries up any way you choose, all to a hip-hop soundtrack provided by Wu Tang genius GZA. Time to get your 'fro on!

GOOD TO BE KING

Puzzle Kingdom

Manufacturer: Zoo Games

Format: Wii, DS

Part *Tetris*, part *Warlords*…all fun! This strategy game, created by the folks who made *Puzzle Quest*, turns conflict resolution into puzzles and puzzles into medieval-style battles. Designed with a deliberately old-school feel and highly addictive, ***Puzzle Kingdom*** will have you taking out dragons and troops for hours on end.

The Siren Song Of Greed

WILL PRESIDENT OBAMA SUCCUMB TO THE TEMPTATION OF FOLLOWING THE FAILED ECONOMIC PATHS OF THE PAST?

The battle for Barack Obama's economic soul has begun. Squaring off in earnest are those who would return us to the balanced restraint of capitalism's excesses and those who deregulated us into a catastrophic mess.

Our new President, hopefully, will remember that letting the foxes set policies for the henhouse is unwise if you hope for an omelet in the morning.

It would also be nice if the guy elected on a platform of "Change" would reverse an annoying and dangerous habit of America's modern-day leaders: heeding the advice of "experts" who are consistently and even tragically wrong. This reverse meritocracy has become a black comedy, wherein one never has to explain why he or she supported a war, or fiscal legislation, based on lies and ignorance.

Even as the deregulated financial sector was in freefall, Obama flirted with the dark side, listening to the siren song of the anti-regulatory multimillionaire financiers.

What Obama should realize is that when extremely smart people are consistently wrong, it is usually because there is an awful lot of reasons for them to turn stupid. Usually the reasons are green with pictures of Presidents on them.

For example, when a President—let's say George W. Bush—relies on science advisers who first tell him that global warming doesn't exist, then—facing insurmountable data—announces confidently that it is a natural event and, in any case, too expensive to combat, we can see that advice has nothing to do with genuine analysis and everything to do with shaping variable inputs to fit a predetermined output. Such advisers know the answer they want; they fit the facts around it.

Now, of course, a new set of stark data has confronted us: a recession with the potential to become a depression. For the Republicans in the recent election, this became another chance to trumpet the wonders of trickle-down economics: cutting taxes on the investor class while giving out trillions in corporate welfare. It is the GOP's answer to any question.

Our new President, hopefully, will remember that letting the foxes set policies for the henhouse is unwise if you hope for an omelet in the morning.

In historic numbers, thankfully, we rejected this approach, which has eroded the middle class since the so-called Reagan Revolution and left the poor for dead. However, like the living dead in a bad zombie flick, we now face another version of those clever replicants—the ones who deceptively wear a *D* on their chests but seem to work only for the benefit of the ownership class. Sincere or not, their answer to all economic problems is the same: Free the markets.

Never mind that over the past two decades, Democrats have made millions off bipartisan laws that have ripped down the walls built upon the wreckage of the Great Depression to protect us from the excesses of capitalism. Whether Obama wants to or not, the conventional wisdom in his party means he has to turn to the very "free market" elite that views government as merely a corporate subsidiary.

Consider that former Federal Reserve Chairman Alan Greenspan's all-too-successful effort to give the banking lobby everything it had ever dreamed of was abetted by two Clinton-era secretaries of the treasury, Robert Rubin and Lawrence Summers, who acted as if the restrictions imposed after the collapse of '29 were just antiquated relics.

Now we see why those laws were put on the books in the first place, as greed and mismanagement led to bad loans, three card-monte-style investment schemes and the crash of a housing bubble built on speculation. Shamefully, Greenspan, Rubin, Summers and the rest show no remorse; rather than mustering the grace to depart public life in deep contrition over their failed policies, they became prominent advisers in the Obama camp, even as they have personally profited enormously.

And, oh yeah, they continue to be wrong, wrong, wrong. In his position on the executive committee of a floundering Citigroup, Rubin insisted early in 2008 that a serious crisis was not forming. In a January 31 *Fortune* article headlined "Robert Rubin: What Meltdown?" the subheading stated: "In a talk on Wednesday [January 30] the Citigroup director said the current financial upheaval is just cyclical. And none of the blame that there was to assign went to Wall Street." Never mind that Citigroup had already written down $24 billion in bad loans.

At that time, Rubin was advising Hillary Rodham Clinton, while Obama—listening to Paul Volcker, Greenspan's predecessor at the Fed—took the opposite tack, issuing a warning in a major address two months after Rubin's talk that the United States was experiencing the most profound economic crisis since the Great Depression. Obama specifically cited the legislation that Rubin had supported and cautioned, "Our free market was never meant to be a free license to take whatever you can get, however you can get it."

Let's hope he remembers that wisdom now that he's in the driver's seat.

Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America.*

"Get your Alaskan ass outta here and take your pregnant slut daughter and retarded kid with you!"

Preserving Our Rights & Correcting The Wrongs

A SCORECARD ON RESTORING THE U.S. CONSTITUTION.

On a fateful night in October 2001 the Senate was about to vote on the USA PATRIOT Act. Commanders in chief Bush and Cheney had barreled it through the Congress. Only one senator—Democrat Russ Feingold of Wisconsin—didn't give a damn about being tarred as soft on terrorism. He voted against the bill that firebombed the Bill of Rights.

"We will lose this war," Feingold told the craven Congress, "without a shot being fired, if we sacrifice the liberties of the American people in the belief that in doing so, we will stop the terrorists."

Nearly seven years later—on September 16, 2008, while chairing the Constitution Subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee—Feingold called a witness to testify that the new President could bring back our individual liberties under the Constitution. This witness is the driving force behind the strongest truly grassroots organization against government tyranny in America since Sam Adams and the Sons of Liberty awakened the colonies by forming the Committees of Correspondence in 1772. (And without the Internet!)

Senator Feingold's witness was Nancy Talanian. Back in late 2001, two months after 9/11, Talanian was instrumental in forming and organizing the Bill of Rights Defense Committee. Since then the BORDC—which I have reported about since its inception—has spearheaded eight state resolutions and more than 400 local resolutions to overturn parts of the USA PATRIOT Act and all the other Bush-Cheney creations of this surveillance society, as well as fighting the "torture Presidency" that has been a prime recruiting aid for the terrorists.

Talanian told the Constitution Subcommittee what Congress and the rest of us must command the new President, Barack Obama, to do to begin to make this America again. Those recommendations include:

- End the CIA's extraordinary rendition kidnapping program and the CIA's ghost prisons (with their still-disappeared inmates), which George W. Bush continuously authorized.
- End the Presidential Signing Statements, which authorize him to ignore a law despite having signed it. Bush signed hundreds of them in the conviction that *he* was the law!

Our new President's choice of attorney general is extremely vital to each of us being secretly databased as having some connection to terrorism.

Bush's attorney general, Michael Mukasey, on October 1, 2008, brought the FBI back to the Stalinesque standards of J. Edgar Hoover by allowing the FBI to begin investigations of any American without a trace of evidence of any wrongdoing—using race and ethnicity among the criteria. Bury that one and close J. Edgar Hoover's grave!

- Also on Talanian's scorecard is something we ought to add to our own watchlists in self-defense against further governmental rule by fear: the insidious, liberty-destroying Section 805 of the USA PATRIOT Act—"Material Support for Terrorism."

That recurrent Bush-Cheney weapon, Talanian explains, "makes it a crime to give anything of value, including voluntary humanitarian assistance, to an organization that the government names as a terrorist organization. That, combined with the government's ability [still available to it right now] to use so-called secret evidence presented behind closed doors, makes the harmless association of [such] organizations punishable by fines and imprisonment."

- Another essential action by the new President should be: "Prevent abuses of the state secrets privilege." For the past eight years, in the ultraholy name of national security, the Bush axis of un-Americanism has used this draconian gag order to shut down, before the defendant is even heard, any court hearing, let alone trial, in cases brought by victims of tortures inflicted during CIA renditions; defendants, including American citizens, imprisoned under the "material support" dragnet; accused whistleblowers inside the government trying to bring sunlight into dark corners of rampant lawlessness by the FBI and other government agencies.

As Senior Judge Damon Keith of the Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals said: "Democracies die behind closed doors. The only safeguard against this extraordinary government power is in the public—deputizing the press as the guardians of their liberty. An informed public is the most potent of all restraints on governments."

But during the last smotheringly overlong Presidential campaign, there was scarcely any mention of our lost liberties in the ceaseless press coverage of the primaries and the main event. So while the disintegrating economy was understandably the burning concern of the electorate, the winning contenders can claim they are under no mandate from the largely silent citizenry to rescue their fundamental liberties under the Constitution.

In 2001, when Russ Feingold was about to cast his lone vote against the USA PATRIOT Act, Tom Daschle (then the Democratic leader in the Senate and recently a chief adviser to Barack Obama) ordered the rest of the senators to ignore Feingold's refusal to bow to the King George of that time.

If and when there is any terrorist attack of traumatic magnitude, how sure can we be that the new administration, confronted by a terrified public, will not go beyond even Bush and Cheney since 9/11 in rounding up, without any evidence, any Americans protesting in the name of the original national security rules of law embedded by Madison, Jefferson, Franklin et al.—as they risked hanging by King George III—in our "subversive" founding document?

James Bamford, who first exposed the National Security Agency's secret massive warrantless eavesdropping on our phones and other electronic communications, warns in his new book, *The Shadow Factory*: "There is now the capacity to make tyranny total in America. Only law ensures that we never fall into that abyss—the abyss from which there is no return."

Keep this freedom scorecard or make your own. Just keep in mind what Justice Louis Brandeis warned for the ages: "Those who won our independence believed...that the greatest menace to freedom is an inert people." Does Barack Obama care, and know enough, about these lost liberties to wake up the electorate to whom he brought such hope?

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; and the forthcoming *Is This America?*

"I never asked Americans to sacrifice anything during the war on terror because I took care of it for you. I sacrificed your civil liberties, your financial sercurity, your right to privacy, your free and fair elections, your national pride and integrity..."

Documenting the Documentarians

GREAT NEWS: OVER THE PAST FEW YEARS THE DOCUMENTARY HAS BECOME AN INCREASINGLY POPULAR FORM OF ENTERTAINMENT. SOME EVEN ENJOY BIG BOX OFFICE.

Of all the information-gathering methods—curling up with the *New York Times* on Sunday morning, watching the national news on TV or just listening to the radio—my absolute favorite is documentaries. If I wasn't doing radio, the only other job I'd rather have is that of documentary filmmaker. It is a noble profession, and only a scant few do it to perfection.

Documentaries come in three distinct flavors. First, there is the journalistic documentary, which attempts to ferret out the truth and perhaps, in the process, uncover things that are unknown to most of us and maybe even to the filmmaker. Next is the advocacy documentary, which—having a predetermined point of view—sets out to convince the viewer. Finally, there is my personal favorite, the purely educational doc, in which a person, event or subject is dissected and analyzed.

The current popularity of the documentary has to be attributed to Michael Moore, who—although not the best of the documentarians—is certainly the most verbose, publicity-seeking and entertaining. It is the relentless promotion of his films that has lifted the documentary to the level of pop culture.

Michael Moore is the prime example of the advocacy filmmaker. I have a kind of love-hate relationship with his work. As a lefty, I am in Moore's political corner even though he stacks the deck by leaving out facts that might undercut his given case. But if Moore is loose with the truth, at least he distorts it in our favor. There can be no doubt that he puts on one helluva show.

Robert Greenwald—hard-core and not the least bit objective—also fits into this category, but he doesn't come close to supplying Moore's entertainment value. *Outfoxed: Rupert Murdoch's War on Journalism* and *Wal-Mart: The High Cost of Low Price* may be two of Greenwald's best and most cohesive films. But for the most part his docs are shoddy, relying way too much on file footage. He seems to have a new one out every week, which makes me question how much effort actually goes into each of them.

Michael Moore is the prime example of the advocacy filmmaker. But if Moore is loose with the truth, at least he distorts it in our favor. There can be no doubt that he puts on one helluva show.

The latest interloper in the "advocacy" field may be the best. Since Bill Maher has made only one documentary to date, we will have to wait before issuing a final verdict. But as it stands, *Religulous*—Maher's scathing look at the world's religions—is a gem. Cohesive, sharp-witted and stunning in its irreverence, this film is a joy to watch. The director was none other than Larry Charles, who also directed *Borat*, a film that might be a called documentary if you really think about it.

Regarding the journalistic documentaries, there is nobody better than Alex Gibney. His *Taxi to the Dark Side* (a treatise on torture and winner of an Academy Award) and *Enron: The Smartest Guys in the Room* are as crisp and informative as this form has to offer. Gibney also produced what I feel is the best doc about the Iraq War, *No End in Sight* (directed by Charles Ferguson).

I can't leave this category without mentioning the brilliant Errol Morris, whose early work *The Thin Blue Line* actually got a convict off death row in Texas. *Mr. Death*, my personal Morris favorite, is the chilling and jaw-dropping portrait of a man who, after spending his life building execution machines, tries to prove that Jews didn't die in Nazi extermination camps. Morris's *The Fog of War* (about former Secretary of Defense Robert F. McNamara) is another must-see. Nominated six times, Morris has won five Oscars. Consider him a gem.

Frontline on PBS continually presents great docs on politics and world affairs. It's not just the subject matter that makes them great, but also the effort put into them.

As I said, my favorite category encompasses documentaries about people, events or subjects. Without doubt the most satisfying of these can be found on PBS's *The American Experience*. Week after week this program presents well-done biographies about people who have shaped our lives. Alex Gibney's *Gonzo: The Life and Work of Dr. Hunter S. Thompson* is about as great as a biographical film can get.

Finally, I just have to mention the fascinating *Roman Polanski: Wanted and Desired,* Marina Zenovich's look at the *Chinatown* director's 1977 rape case and what a Hollywood political railroad job it became. Although Polanski comes across as an unsympathetic chaser of young girls, the way the case was handled will give you cold chills. You can't help but feel for his plight.

I hope the above gets you off to a good start in a medium that warrants your attention. And I hope you find these documentaries as entertaining and exciting as I do.

Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting at age 14, currently calls Sirius Left 146 his radio home.

DOUBLE FEATURE!

HUSTLER® invites you to the movies

HUSTLER VIDEO

HustlerHollywood.com

First Lady Fever

Now that we have a black President, and a superfine First Lady, let's see some more chocolate skin in HUSTLER! Sure, election night was inspiring and historic and all that, but I watched mostly to get a glimpse of Michelle Obama's luscious booty.

Let's be honest: She dresses to show it off! I was encouraged by your profile of Sinnamon Love in the January '09 issue, and your porn-review section always explores the color scale. But America's Magazine needs more black-girl layouts if it truly wants to represent what makes this country the sexiest on Earth. If the White House can do it, so can you!

—G.J.
Atlanta, Georgia

The Gift of Gab

Thanks for your magazine, especially Alex Bennett's candid pieces. When I moved to California in 1984, Alex was on the KALX morning show in San Francisco. At that time talk radio was all local, and hosts interacted with live listeners.

Alex used to have a letters segment with a jingle about sending the mail "where the sun don't shine." I also liked his obit segment on "who bought the farm." I'll never forget all those years of waking up and listening to Alex while I got ready for school. His columns and articles in HUSTLER take me back. Thanks for that—and for all the lovely women!

—D.C.
Petaluma, California

Klondike Nookie

Well, the race to the White House is over. What's on every man in the world's mind? When will we get to see Sarah Palin naked? I'm surprised no saucy shots leaked out during the election, but now that she's on the celebrity radar, it's only a matter of time before somebody gets a shot of her caribou coochie. Of course, I hope to see it in HUSTLER first.

How can we speed up the process? A petition? A cash offer? If Sarah wants to take the spotlight away from the first black President and become the strokers' choice for Prez in 2012, she'd better get flashing!

—Jim Taylor
Kalamazoo, Michigan

While you're waiting for the real Sarah Palin to get into the act, check out HUSTLER's historic XXX spoofs *Who's Nailin' Paylin?* and *Obama Is Nailin' Palin*.

Ranch Hand

First, I'd like to say you guys have been putting out my favorite magazine since I was 13. Yes, I know I was underage, but I didn't buy it back then. I swiped it from my friend's older brother. Now I'm 33 and a faithful subscriber.

The reason I'm writing is to let you know that I've become a big fan of *Tails of the BunnyRanch*. Keep 'em cumming! I always wondered what went on when the cameras stopped shooting. Getting the bunnies to tell their stories was a "stroke" of genius. Keep it up, guys.

—M.T.
Newport News, Virginia

News Flasher

An interesting item recently showed up in our local paper. A former pastor—Jerry Lee DePoy Jr., who spent most of his time preaching against local strip clubs and XXX movie theaters—has pled guilty to indecent exposure. Apparently he showed a female member of his congregation some nude pictures of himself and his wife.

It's not the pervo behavior of this guy that gets me steamed; it's the hypocrisy! Back in the '70s, DePoy helped shut down a little XXX moviehouse that I used to go to. He'd prance up and down the street, thumping his Bible and doing his brimstone routine. Then, in the '80s, he and a local branch of Morality in Media shut down another theater, along with stores that sold HUSTLER and the like. I'm really happy this guy's in hot water finally, so people can see what a two-faced asshole he really is.

—Dennis Comstock
Muskegon, Michigan

Inauguration Lay: *In* ***Obama Is Nailin' Palin*** *the new Prez gives his old foe a "Cabinet post."*

Brave Spirit

As a Native American working in politics, I respect Larry Flynt's thoughts on the struggles he's been through. I also come from a poor background, born and raised on a Navajo reservation without running water. Our government lied to the native people of this land in every treaty that was written. So, with all due respect, fuck the United States government and everything that has to do with control and dishonesty.

I was lucky to be able to survive and live like a true Navajo, but I am still surrounded by political bullshitters who protect each other, living in denial and lies. So, Larry Flynt, I totally feel you, bro. Your mag is the best because you speak the truth. And let me say, the gorgeous girls make it that much better. I'd like to show them what it's like to be one in mind, body and spirit. And most importantly, to be honest.

—Sidney Newton
Farmington, New Mexico

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

Fisher-Price

We're Not Pro-Muslim

We're pro-profit! That's why we are so upset that stores are pulling our Little Mommy Real Loving Baby Cuddle & Coo Dolls off their shelves just because the dolls babble something that sounds like "Islam is the light." Look, we don't make these toys in America, where we can keep an eye on things. The dolls and the computer chips that enable them to talk come from China.

Fucking Chinese! First they mess up our parent company Mattel's toys with lead paint*, and then they poison toothpaste and Cadbury chocolate with Melamine. Now this! If we weren't making so much money from China's slavelike child labor and questionable business practices, we would stop dealing with them. But as we already mentioned, we're pro-profit.

*We had to pay a paltry $12-million fine over that lead paint stuff. Hah! We really dodged a bullet there.

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is commentary on Mattel, Fisher-Price's parent company, which has repeatedly turned a blind eye to what is going on in its Chinese factories. For information and videos on this topic, type in "Fisher-Price" and "Islam" at **Google.com** and/or **YouTube.com**. For info on previous quality issues, check out **NoMoreMadeInChina.com**. This political parody may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

Sarah Palin

During the Presidential campaign, power-driven Sarah Palin once referred to the "Palin/McCain ticket," boosting herself to the upper berth. But such an antic isn't what makes this vapidly sexual Republican dangerous. As Gertrude Stein famously noted, "There is no *there* there."

Possessing a cute countenance, tight body and—let's face it—an IQ hovering below room temperature, Palin has no conception of how woefully uneducated, unintelligent and unqualified she is to hold public office. Alaska's governor has never dared release her college grades, presumably because she majored in drinking beer and smoking dick.

Speech reflects the workings of the mind. Palin's disorganized thoughts are revealed in her scattershot recitation of unconnected talking points: "I know that John McCain will do that, and I, as his Vice President, families we are blessed with that vote of the American people and are elected to serve and are sworn in on January 20, that will be our top priority is to defend the American people." Do you really want this person making life-and-death decisions affecting the USA?

Palin clearly does not know how dumb she is. "You can actually see Russia from land here in Alaska," she gushed to interviewer Charlie Gibson, as if this gave her expertise in international affairs. The closest Sarah has ever come to foreign-policy experience is breakfast at the International House of Pancakes. As for geography, she's referred to "our neighboring country of Afghanistan," which sits on the opposite side of the planet.

America's most famous hockey mom has espoused sexual abstinence only to be sandbagged by her teenage daughter. Beer-swilling Bristol's pregnancy by local jock Levi ("I don't want kids") Johnston contradicted the notion of Palin fostering "family values." Where was Mom while Bristol was being boned? She was off getting piped by her husband's business partner Brad—well, allegedly.

Palin has complained about Congressional earmarks for "political pet projects…having nothing to do with the public good, like fruit fly research." Madam Governor, fruit flies share 60% of human genes, contributing to genetic understanding of diseases like Parkinson's, Alzheimer's, diabetes and even *Down's syndrome*. Remember that, Sarah, as you change cute little Trig's diapers—when he's 35. Those pesky fruit flies might prevent a few million women from giving birth to mentally challenged or deformed offspring.

Oh, wait! You knew you were carrying a Down's baby and gave birth anyway. Shucks, we guess you can afford to do that—as long as you're siphoning off taxpayers' money as governor.

During the Presidential campaign, Palin's religious beliefs seemed weirdly off-limits to the press. Truth be told, Palin was raised in and still belongs to the Assembly of God, a millennialist holy-roller denomination on the far fringe of the Evangelical movement. Her pastor, Ed Kalnins, says anyone who doesn't vote Republican is doomed to hell. He also rants about the dreaded End Times, the battle between Jesus and Satan. Palin's church also has an exorcist—a Kenyan nutbar named Thomas Muthee—who supposedly shielded Sarah from demons and "witchcraft."

Why is all this important? Because a vast part of Palin's agenda involves bringing on the Second Coming of Jesus, even if it entails nuclear Armageddon. Here is a woman trained to embrace doomsday—and she seeks the one office that would give her the power to achieve it. Just what we need in a military crisis: a single brain cell with tits, looking at the red button and thinking, *Look out, Jesus, here we come!*

On the campaign trail, Palin grumbled that reporters presented her as a blithering idiot by (*gasp!*) asking questions. However, she undermined her complaints by repeatedly shoving her foot in her mouth without media prompting.

During a post-election speech to the Republican Governors Association, Palin spoke in tongues—or ad-libbed, which, with her, is the same thing. ("And also too, you betcha.") As she rambled on, you just knew her presenters wished they could have yanked the bitch offstage.

Elsewhere, Palin incredibly called the Republican Party "pro-working class"—yet dumped on 9-to-5ers and unions for demanding a livable wage and basic healthcare. (How dare they!)

Finally, a Thanksgiving video interview again revealed that Caribou Barbie is as unconscious as brain-dead Terry Schiavo was before her life-support tube was pulled. Babbling at a poultry farm, Palin was upstaged by action behind her: a grinning worker stuffing a live turkey into a decapitation gizmo and then walking off with the beheaded bird. "This is fun," Palin clucked, oblivious to the impact the grisly scene would have on *normal* people.

The GOP selected a winking empty shell to "energize the base," and that she has. Every inbred moron, airhead housewife and uneducated Joe the Plumber stands right behind Sarah Palin—admiring her ass. Congratulations, Sarah. You have nailed down the Stupid Vote.

FARTS IN THE WIND

Like an evicted tenant who spitefully craps on the floor and steals all the plumbing, **GEORGE W. BUSH** created as much havoc as possible before leaving the White House, jamming a host of "midnight regulations" through the rule-making process in late 2008. His ecological time bombs included: opening 2 million acres in the Rocky Mountain states to the development of oil shale—one of the dirtiest fuels on the planet; whittling away, or striking down altogether, laws protecting wildlife and national parks; loosening restrictions on perchlorate, allowing the deadly toxin—which affects brain development in children—to be dumped into drinking water; exempting from the Clean Water Act the need for permits to dispose of animal feces (allowing industrial pig and cattle farms to unload as much shit as they want as long as they promise it won't wind up in lakes or rivers). Pollution controls on mountaintop mining and coal-fired power plants were downgraded or eliminated; power plants—even nuclear facilities—can now operate near national parks like the Grand Canyon, where toxins would poison the Colorado River. The time frame for public comment was reduced to next-to-nothing. (Officials received 300,000 complaints about changes in wildlife-protection laws alone—and absurdly claimed they reviewed them all in one week.) John Podesta, top dog on President Obama's transition team, said Bush's 11th-hour measures would be reversed if found to be "not in the interests of the country." It's a pity that this standard wasn't applied to Bush himself eight years ago.

"I never thought I'd say this, but Sarah Palin actually makes Ann Coulter sound kinda smart."

"All I need is enough room to lay a hat and a few friends." —DOROTHY PARKER, WRITER

Jesse Jane and Ronnie The Limo Driver

Got Glass?

Jenna Haze

Carmen Hart

NO LOSERS HERE

What do you call a bunch of strippers and porn stars rocking out? It's the 11th annual E.D. Awards, which thankfully stands for *Exotic Dancer* magazine and not "erectile dysfunction." The gala event, which took over the Hard Rock Casino in Las Vegas, was hosted by XXX goddess Jesse Jane and Ronnie "The Limo Driver" Mund from *The Howard Stern Show*.

Winners of a coveted piece of glass included Carmen Hart (Entertainer of the Year); Jenna Haze (Adult Movie Feature Star of the Year); Larry Flynt's HUSTLER Club, Washington Park, Illinois (Club of the Year/Mideast); HUSTLER's Barely Legal, New Orleans (Club of the Year/Central); and Shawn Doyle, HUSTLER Club, San Francisco (General Manager of the Year).

Now get back to work, ladies. The poles are getting cold.

BARE BOARDING?

If these sexy snowboards from Burton don't make you want to take up the sport, nothing will. The Love series features four styles, each depicting a stripped-down snow bunny. Even if you don't want to hit the slopes, you could still buy one of these eye-catching boards to mount on your wall. Of course, that may be the only way you get to mount a chick this hot. Available at leading snowboard retailers and skate shops.

BUCKY BEAVER'S April Fools' Joke #1

Here's one that's perfect for our tough economic times: Glue coins to the sidewalk in front of the unemployment office. Hilarity will ensue.

These two lovely ladies know a little something about climbing the ladder of success. Thanks to L.S. from Reno, Nevada.

Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

"Sex is a conversation carried out by other means." —PETER USTINOV, ACTOR

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD *Hayden Panettiere* LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

Hayden Panettiere plays a hot cheerleader with healing powers on NBC's hit show *Heroes*. But the actress's most special power is her ability to get us off. We had to "Save the Cheerleader" for oral sex.

DISCLAIMER. Parody; no such picture of Hayden Panettiere actually exists, and superheroes aren't real either. Sorry to ruin it for you. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

SEAL OF APPROVAL HUSTLER SEAL OF APPROVAL

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

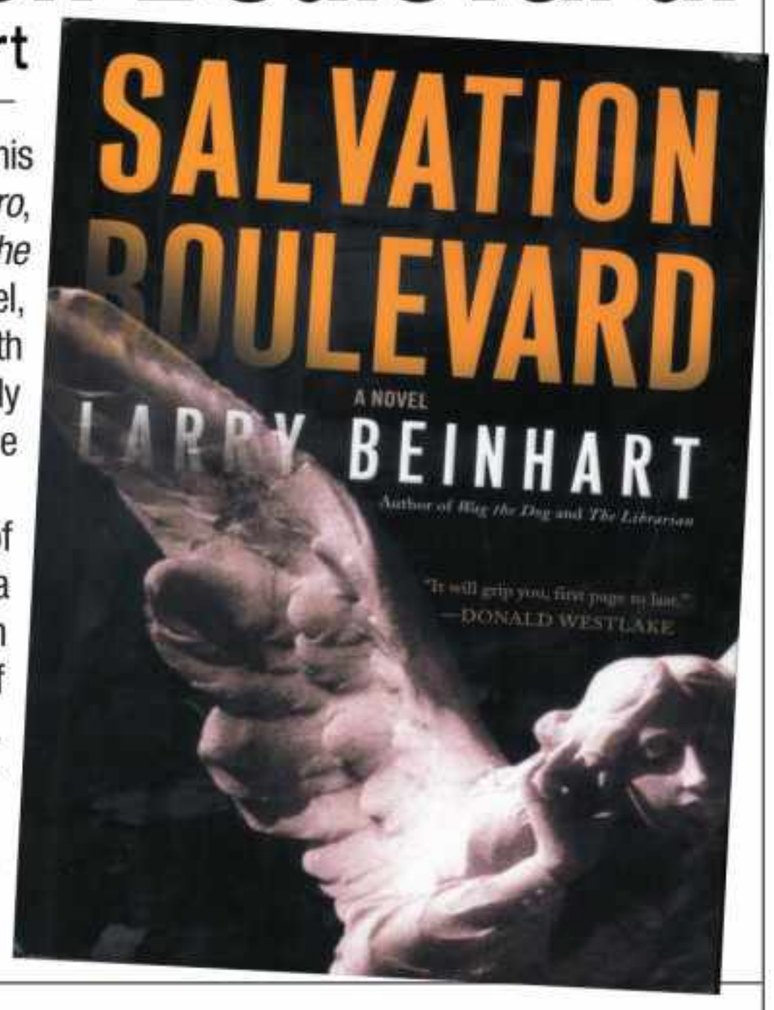
Salvation Boulevard:

By Larry Beinhart

Larry Beinhart is best known for his hilarious political novel *American Hero*, which was the basis for the film *Wag the Dog*. The subversive genius's latest novel, *Salvation Boulevard*, is a page-turner with global implications as the author boldly explores cultural and religious intolerance in a time of national security paranoia.

After a Muslim student is accused of killing his atheist college professor, a liberal Jewish lawyer and his Christian assistant step in to get to the bottom of things regardless of personal feelings. Remember, this is only a work of fiction. Or is it?

Larry Beinhart's *Salvation Boulevard* is in bookstores now.


SALVATION BOULEVARD
A NOVEL
LARRY BEINHART
Author of Wag the Dog and The Librarian
"It will grip you, first page to last."
—DONALD WESTLAKE

Put a For Sale sign in your bitchy girlfriend's car. And if you get a good enough offer, sell it!

BUCKY BEAVER'S April Fools' Joke #2

NEWS BABES

The way CNN's Bonnie Schneider delivers her weather forecast will make you hotter than hell, even in the dead of winter. Thanks to C.N. of Las Vegas for a great submission.

To nominate a local or network newscaster, send her full name, station and channel (include a picture) to HUSTLER News Babes, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If your pick is aired here, you'll win a HUSTLER Prize Pack.

NEWSBITES

Marked-Down Marriage

What do you do when you've grown weary of your wife? Well, you put her up for sale on the Internet, of course! A man in Romania posted his spouse on a site for used cars, with an asking price of around $4 million, but was willing to accept three grand for a quick sale. The would-be seller claimed it was only a joke. We agree. We would never ask anyone to pay for our wives. We would gladly give those bitches away for free!

Father In!

An Italian gent came home early one day and was horrified to find his wife with another man. He was further shocked to discover that the Lothario was a local priest. After the cuckold complained to the local bishop's office, the philandering holy man was transferred to another parish for "reeducation," which we guess is Italian for "Go fuck a horny housewife in another town."

Condom Catastrophe

When the British online retailer Tesco accidentally added a 12-pack of prophylactics to an order, it almost caused a couple to bust up. Seems the customer's girlfriend saw the list and accused the fellow of cheating on her, since the lovebirds apparently didn't use condoms. Tesco later admitted to the mistake and sent off a letter of apology. We tried to use that same excuse when HustlerHollywood.com "accidentally" shipped us *Tranny Love #4*, but sadly, it didn't work.

Armload of Crap

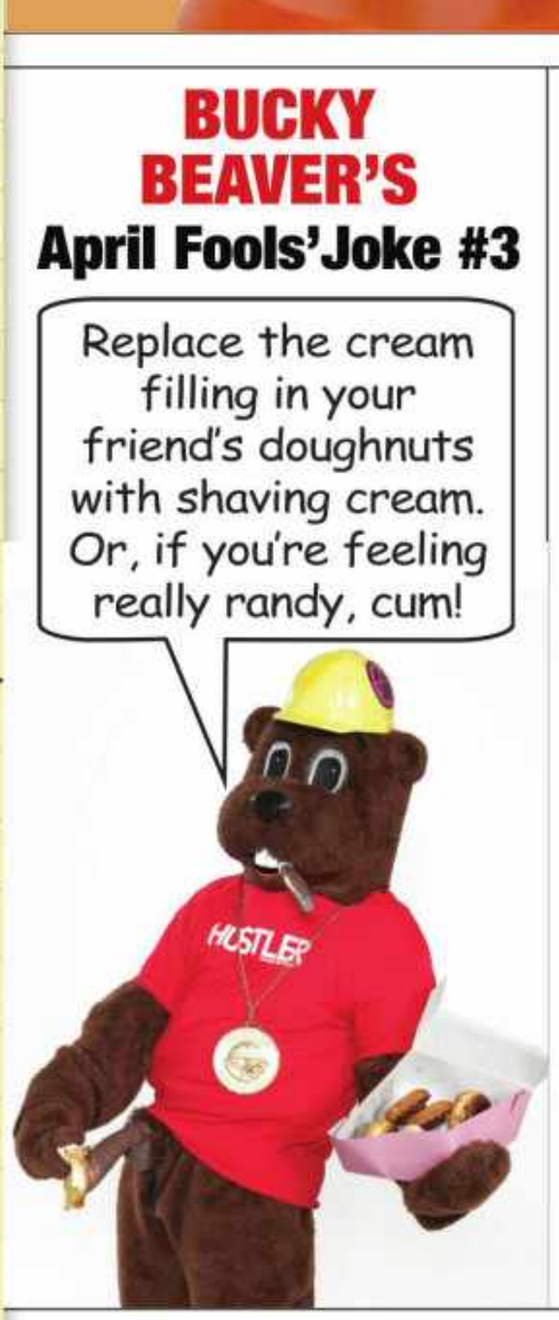
Commuting by train can really stink…especially if one of your limbs is trapped in a toilet! A rail passenger in France caused a two-hour delay when he got an arm jammed in a john while trying to recover his cell phone. When we first heard this story, we quickly thought, *Stupid Frenchman!* But then we remembered that those new iPhones are really expensive. Losing one in a crapper would be shitty.

SHE'S BOOTYFUL!

Spencer Davis's ply resin Booty Babe line of erotic fantasy art statues quickly became must-have collectibles. Now the artist behind the booty has launched a hot new line of vinyl figurines that are as detailed and alluring as their predecessors, but are more durable and affordable. Which means you can manhandle them any way you want. Perv! Check out all the fine ass at **BootyBabe.com**.

"Love is not the dying moan of a distant violin; it's the triumphant twang of a bedspring." —S.J. PERELMAN, HUMORIST

BUCKY BEAVER'S April Fools' Joke #3



Sign of the Times

Want to sell us a car? You're gonna need a little T&A. Thanks to T.H. of Travelers Rest, South Carolina, for this entry.

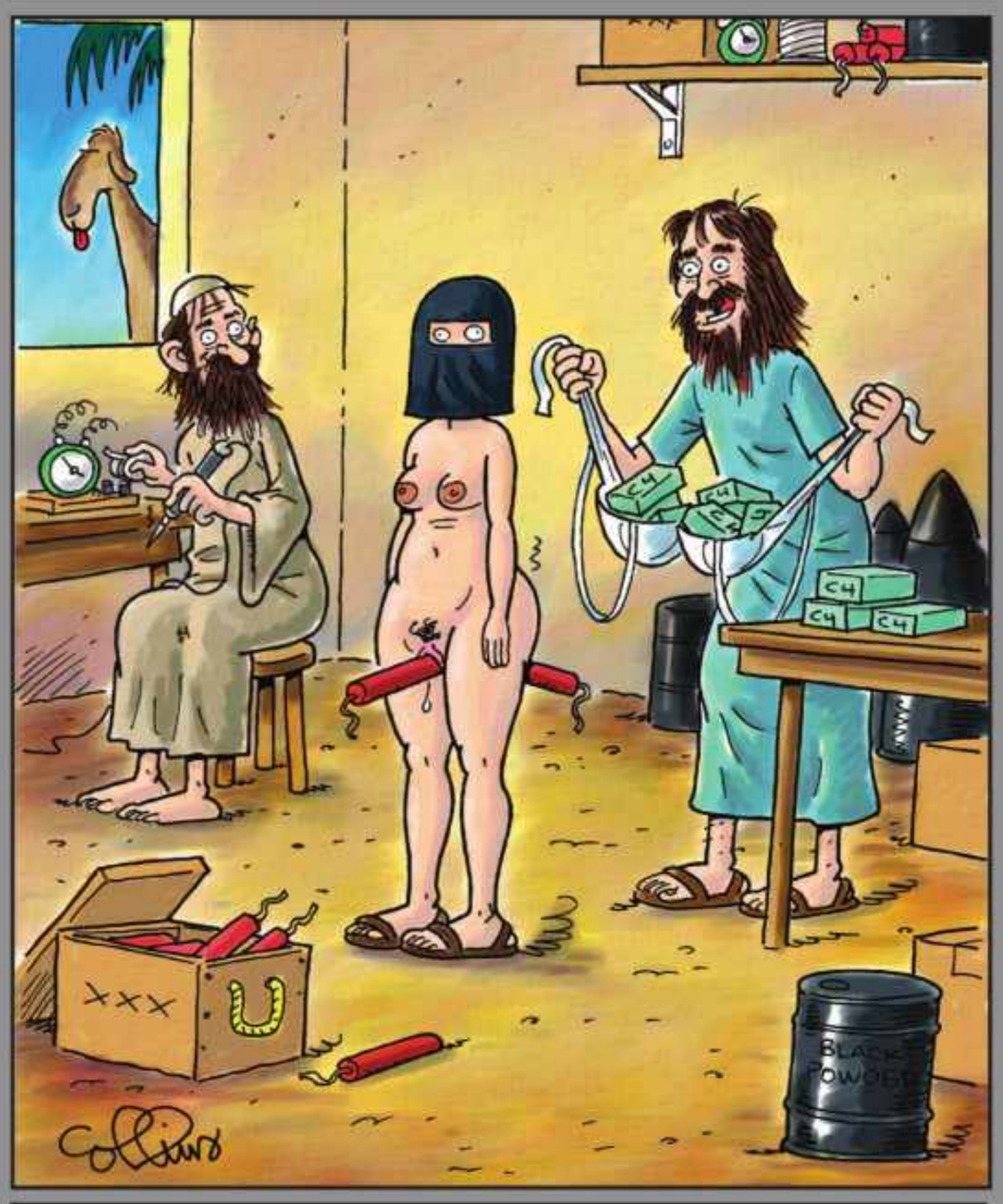
Have you seen a funny sign? If you do, snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER Sign of the Times, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, we'll send you a signed check for 50 bucks.

Everybody Loves HUSTLER

Our magazine rocks! Why else would Lemmy from Motörhead and Stephen Pearcy from Ratt read it? Check out our exclusive interviews with these rockers in this month's Sights & Sounds section starting on page 100.

BUCKY BEAVER'S April Fools' Joke #4

"MOST TASTELESS CARTOON"



"Women are the perfect suicide bombers. A stick of TNT up the ass and puss and a bra full of C-4."

NO CAKE FOR US!

This photo was sent in by reader E.S. of Cleveland. Why? We have no idea. (BTW: The appendage is edible.) All we know is if you're serving cock cake at your party, we're skipping dessert. Hell, we'll probably skip the bash altogether.

"You should never be sexually involved with someone you genuinely care for. A sexual relationship guarantees a loss." —MARY GORDON, AUTHOR/CRITIC

Charlotte's Web

CHARLOTTE STOKELY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

The adult industry has always appealed to me," crows alt-porn superstar **Charlotte Stokely**, "even at a very early age. I'm not shy about my sexuality, and I've always been open to trying everything. I guess I like to share. Maybe that's why I'm a proud bisexual. I love getting it on with both hot boys and sexy girls. Why limit yourself to one flavor when you can taste them all?"

When it's time for play, what are some of **Charlotte**'s favorite things? "It would be easier to say what I don't like," the porcelain-skinned temptress replies, "which is nothing. I love going down on a girl and sucking a guy off. I also love being rammed, whether it's by a hard cock or a strap-on. I love explicit, illicit action."

CHARLOTTE STOKELY'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Deerfield Beach, Florida | AGE: 22 | BIRTH SIGN: Leo | HEIGHT: 5-4 | WEIGHT: 105 | MEASUREMENTS: 34B-25-36

Catch **Charlotte Stokely** doing her thing in *Joanna Angel's Anal Perversions*, *Joanna Angel's Alt. Corruption*, *The Da Vinci Load #1* and *#2* and *Take It Black #4* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

One thing bugs us. If **Charlotte** loves sex so much, then why is the onetime hard-core honey now doing only soft-core work? “I’m just taking a little bit of a break,” she explains. “After all, I’ve done over 106 films so far, and that was in less than five years. All that fucking and sucking can be hard on a girl. Right now I’m doing some modeling and steamy girl/girl stuff. Don’t worry, guys. I’m not retiring anytime soon. I’m just cooling off my little pussy and getting ready for a hot-and-heavy return.”

Installment 3
(in an ongoing series)

Nancy Ann is a freelance writer contributing insights on love, sex and romance. As a service to happy couples everywhere, she highlights the latest sexual enhancements in the U.S, Canada, and Europe (see www.nancy-ann.com for related columns and articles relating advice on all things sexual).

Loving the Colossal Load

A Woman Never Forgets Her First Monster Facial

Proof is in the Ropes

There's something I've learned since becoming a sex columnist: There's one certain infatuation most all women have in common: Our love for a man who can consistently deliver a healthy and voluminous orgasm.

Having said that, I'd like to share yet another letter that is an ideal fit for the 3rd installment in my *"Colossal Load"* column series (you can find previous installments on my Website). Written by a woman, the following letter provides continued proof for all of the men reading this publication and is further evidence by women backing what I've been trying to convince men by highlighting this series of articles: Multiply your "Ropes" and she'll never forget you.

Heather Writes:

My Boyfriend and I are all-out exhibitionists and we've since found our latest "kink": Uploading our video clips anonymously on the Web for everybody to watch! We've posted about a dozen of our own amateur videos on adult peer-sharing sites like PornHub, RedTube and Tube8, and we're really proud of them. Most of our clips are various blowjob videos. There are a few reasons for this: #1), I absolutely love sucking cock and I'm really good at it! #2), my man's cumshots are "next level," and #3), recording blowjobs is the easiest to capture. It's a simple process: I lay my man down on the bed or push him down into a chair, park myself between his legs and as he points the camcorder down at me, I use my hands and mouth to milk his cock and balls until he unleashes a hot load of cum all over my face and tits.

Our videos have gotten much better since we first started (we've become experts at lighting the mood and capturing crisp audio), but what's made the whole thing truly rewarding is that our video clips have gotten a lot more viewings since my boyfriend started taking Serogen, the orgasm-enhancing supplement you endorse and mention in a few of your advice columns we read on your Website. In fact, the last three of our video uploads have made the "most viewed" and "top-rated" categories on the sites we've posted them on.

Nancy, the only logical theory I have for the increase in viewings and the 5-star ratings (besides my expert cock milking) is based on the viewer comments posted about the clips. Here's a few: "gotta love that huge load he drowned her with" and "what a great money shot!!!" The most flattering comment was posted by a female viewer: "Wow. The guy's got incredible ropes…"

Now I've always loved huge pops but I've only seen a few on video and the dozen or so men I've been with before my boyfriend could never ejaculate as long and hard as he's able to. He comes so hard he almost passes out after pumping out his last power rope! Case and point: My boyfriend started taking Serogen regularly about two months ago and within a few weeks his orgasms practically doubled in length, volume and strength.

The other thing I've noticed since my boyfriend has been taking this supplement is he can get rock hard again in a few minutes compared to the recovery time it took him a few months ago. There were times he couldn't even get it up a second time! Now there's never a question. I can always look forward to another great love session, ending with a 2d humongous wad that's just as strong as his initial.

I love watching and feeling his strong ropes so much that I make him promise me his first load is always meant to cover my face; second round I let him choose where he wants to unload his hot stream; sometimes he fills my ass or deep-dicks my twat and floods my waiting pussy. His orgasms are so strong I can feel actually his cock jump and twitch, whether he's pumping my ass or jamming my pussy. It's the most amazing feeling; his strong orgasms trigger my own gushers and we're able to cum simultaneously. Nancy, I recommend this supplement for all men. Guys: trust me, your lady will love you more than she already does and you'll find she'll want to do things for you you never dreamed of!

Heather V.
Via the Internet

Heather, as I've mentioned in previous columns, I'm happy to report that across North America and beyond, more and more men are finding out about and using this unique orgasm enhancing supplement, learning that not only do they themselves benefit sexually, so too do their partners. The secret is out: even though women don't openly talk about it, no doubt most of us absolutely crave a giant load! And we never orget the guy who's able to deliver it.

The contractions and release during male orgasm can be multiplied and amplified using an all-natural product called Serogen. Although formulated for men to trigger stronger, longer orgasmic experiences by strengthening the vas deferens muscle, an added bonus — from a woman's perspective — is that these powerful contractions men achieve while in the throes of an orgasm can induce an intense, female climax.

Moreover, the term "ropes" is actually European slang for the added contractions and heightened release that cause these "rope"-like effects during male orgasm.

Serogen is so effective that lately there has been a flood of knock-off products (after all, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery!) But Buyer Beware: there are plenty of subpar blends out there claiming to be the original (you can read my orgasm enhancer reviews on my Website). As far as finding Serogen in the States, the original importer is a small distributor called Somalab that has been in business for over 7 years. Since the success of Serogen, the company introduced two new products for men that contain additional premium blends with more benefits than the original. Somalab ships discretely almost anywhere in the world. These unique supplements can be ordered by contacting the distributor toll-free at 1-866-SOMALAB. Orders can also be placed through Somalab's informational Web site: www.somalab.com.

Nancy Ann

Nancy Ann

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Trigger-Happy Sexual Newbie

The girl seemed fascinated by my clit. The second she saw it, she dropped to her knees to lap my long love trigger and nip it. She licked up and down and around. As soon as she sucked it between her lips, I was coming. A glorious warmth spread through my veins, and pussy juices literally gushed from between my cunt lips. It was nothing like the puny lines of jizz that trickled down my thighs when I played with myself. So this was what a *real* orgasm felt like!

Sadie slurped at my love sauce, loudly smacking her lips. Then she went right back to sucking on my clit. It was my first lesbian sex. My first sex, actually.

I was raised in a strictly religious household. Church services twice every Sunday, no drinking, no dancing, no fun—and major doses of John Calvin. Sheltered by parents, home-schooling and church, I didn't enter the real world till I was 18. It was my freshman year of college. Believe it or not, prior to dorm life, I had never seen another woman fully naked. So I had no idea how unusual I was. You see, my clitoris is very nearly an inch long. I just thought every girl could jack her clit like I did.

My dorm roommate, Sadie, was as different from me as night from day. She was 18 and big-city in every way—dyed black hair; tight, torn jeans; and a cocky, fuck-you attitude. I liked her immediately. But when Sadie fessed up that she was a lesbian, it made me a tad nervous. My roomie laughed and told me not to worry; I wasn't really her type. Sadie handed me a beer, and we toasted our new friendship.

Then came the morning when I woke up in my bottom bunk bed horny as fuck. It was a Wednesday, and I didn't have a class until 11:20. Sadie was long gone. Girl was working on a double major, and it seemed like every minute of her day was scheduled. Me, I could laze in bed and masturbate. So I threw off the covers and tugged my nightie over my head. I never wore panties to bed. The pressure of the material on my clit was too intense.

I started jacking my lady dick just the way I liked it. Squeezing from base to tip, slowly at first, then faster and faster, images of a gang-bang dancing through my brain, until—*yes! fuck, yes!*—release. Dipping my fingers in cum, I brought them to my lips to lick clean. *Mmmm.*

I was about to begin all over again when Sadie stormed through the door in search of a forgotten textbook. And I guess that's where we came into this letter.

Like I said, it was my very first sexual experience. I'd had no idea it would feel this damn good! And now that I had gotten started, there was simply no stopping me.

Yanking Sadie onto the bed with me, I stripped off her top, jeans and panties. Wow! I couldn't have been more surprised by her teeny nubbin. Sadie giggled when she saw my expression, and pulling me into her arms, she explained how amazing my clit was, how special. Her big, soft breasts felt wonderful crushed against my boobies, and she had these long, hard, pink nipples. Suddenly it seemed important that I give Sadie some pleasure in return.

Lowering my head to her magnificent breasts, I tongued her nubbly areolas before suckling on a fat tit bud. Sadie started moaning. Her moans grew louder when I tried to fit as much titty into my mouth as I could. They reached a crescendo when I slipped my rigid clit into her poontang.

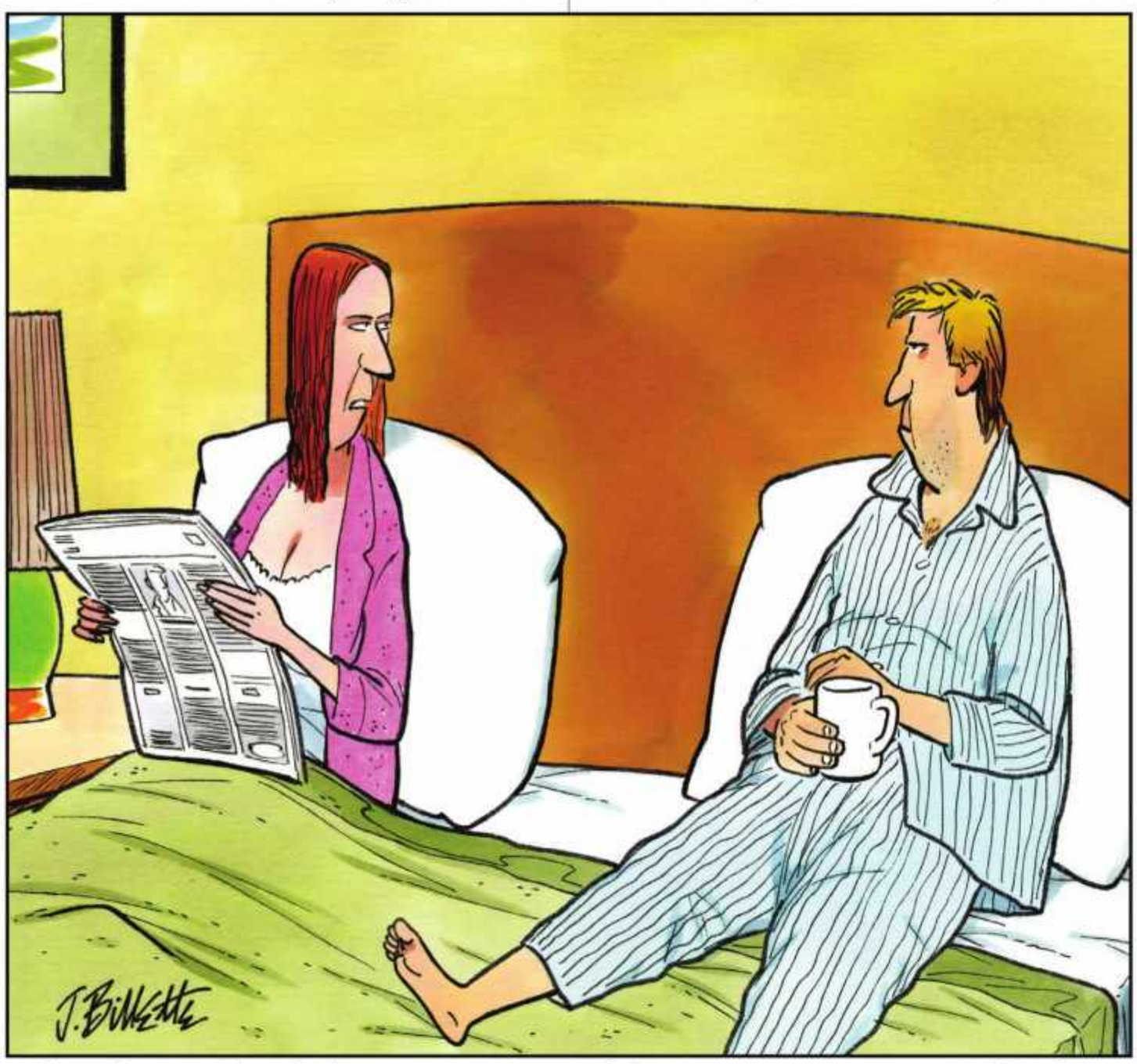
I attempted to dick Sadie with my baby prick, and I swear, I could feel her pussy muscles flex and draw me in deeper. My own twat was slick and tingling. My climax was building. And that's when inspiration struck.

Rolling Sadie onto her belly, I spread her firm butt cheeks and spit on her pink-brown, winking rosebud. Then I pressured my engorged clit into her starfish, and the girl went nuts, shaking and trembling and crying into the mattress. When she started thrusting her hips back at me, I lost it. The orgasm consumed me, and collapsing onto Sadie, I literally creamed her tush.

We clung to each other for a few minutes, and once our trembling subsided, I moved down Sadie's lovely body to lick her ass globes clean. My education was only beginning.

—A.G.

Seattle, Washington



"Well, needle-dick, marriage in California is once again safe for only straight, God-fearing, happy couples like us!"

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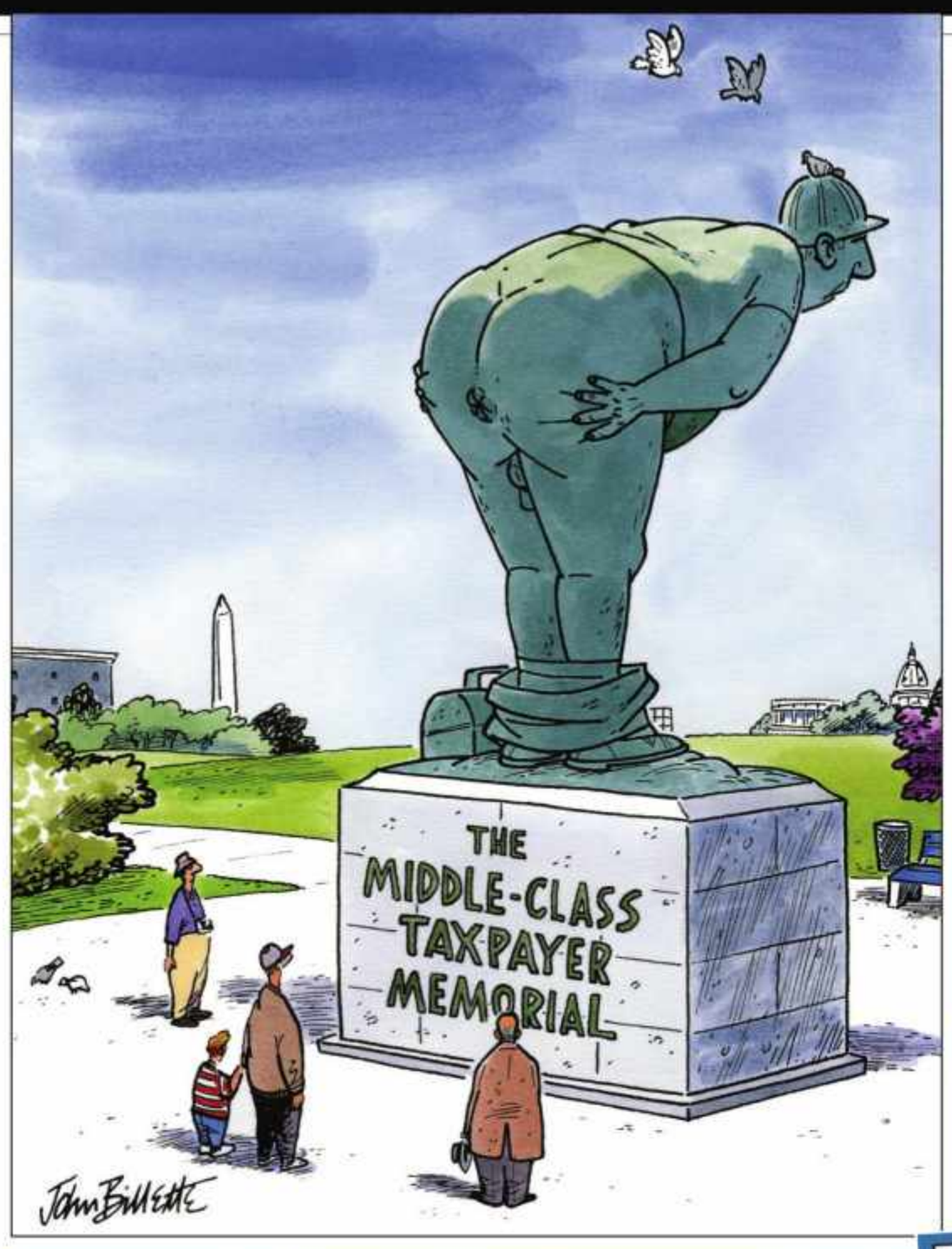
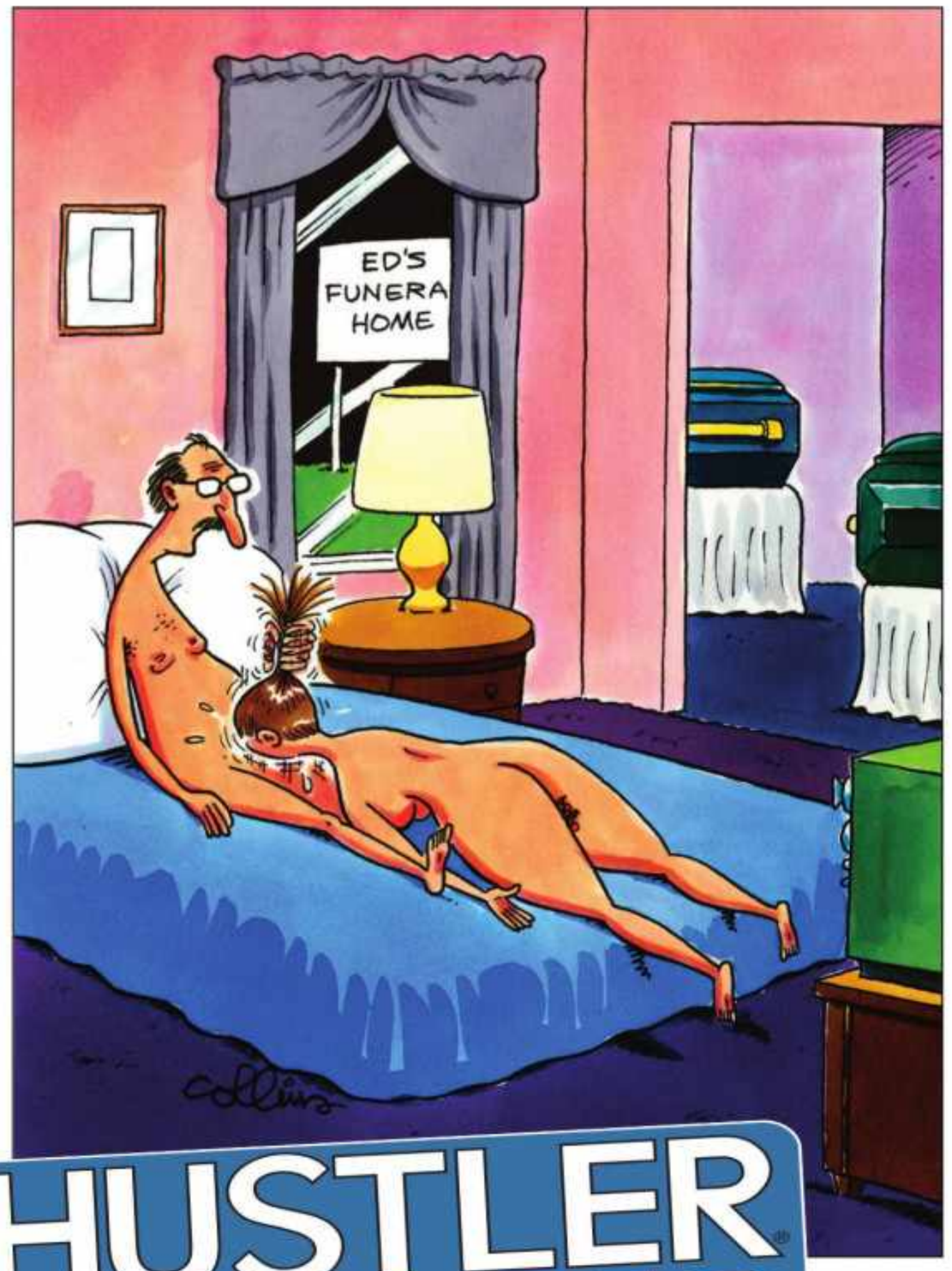
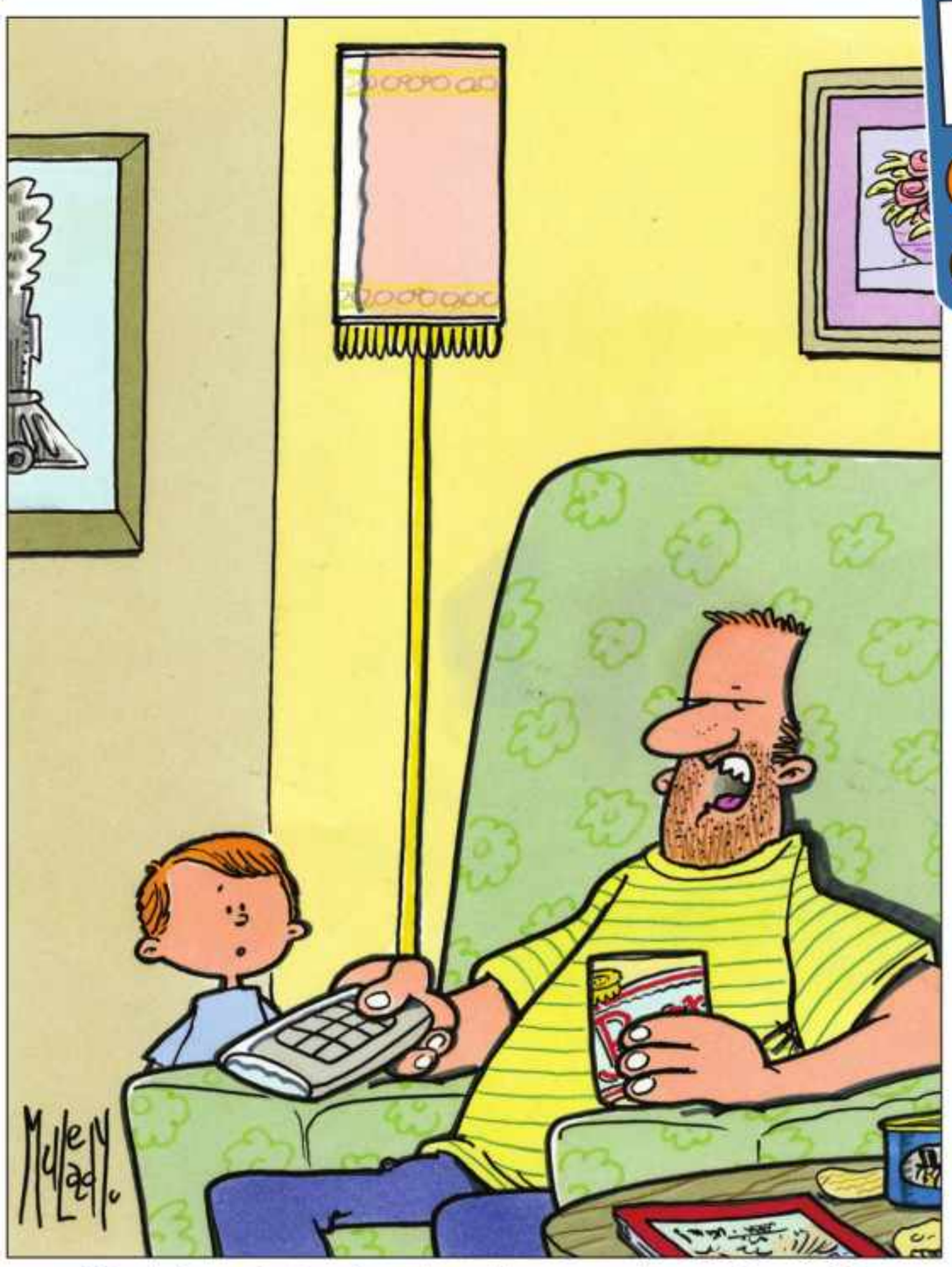
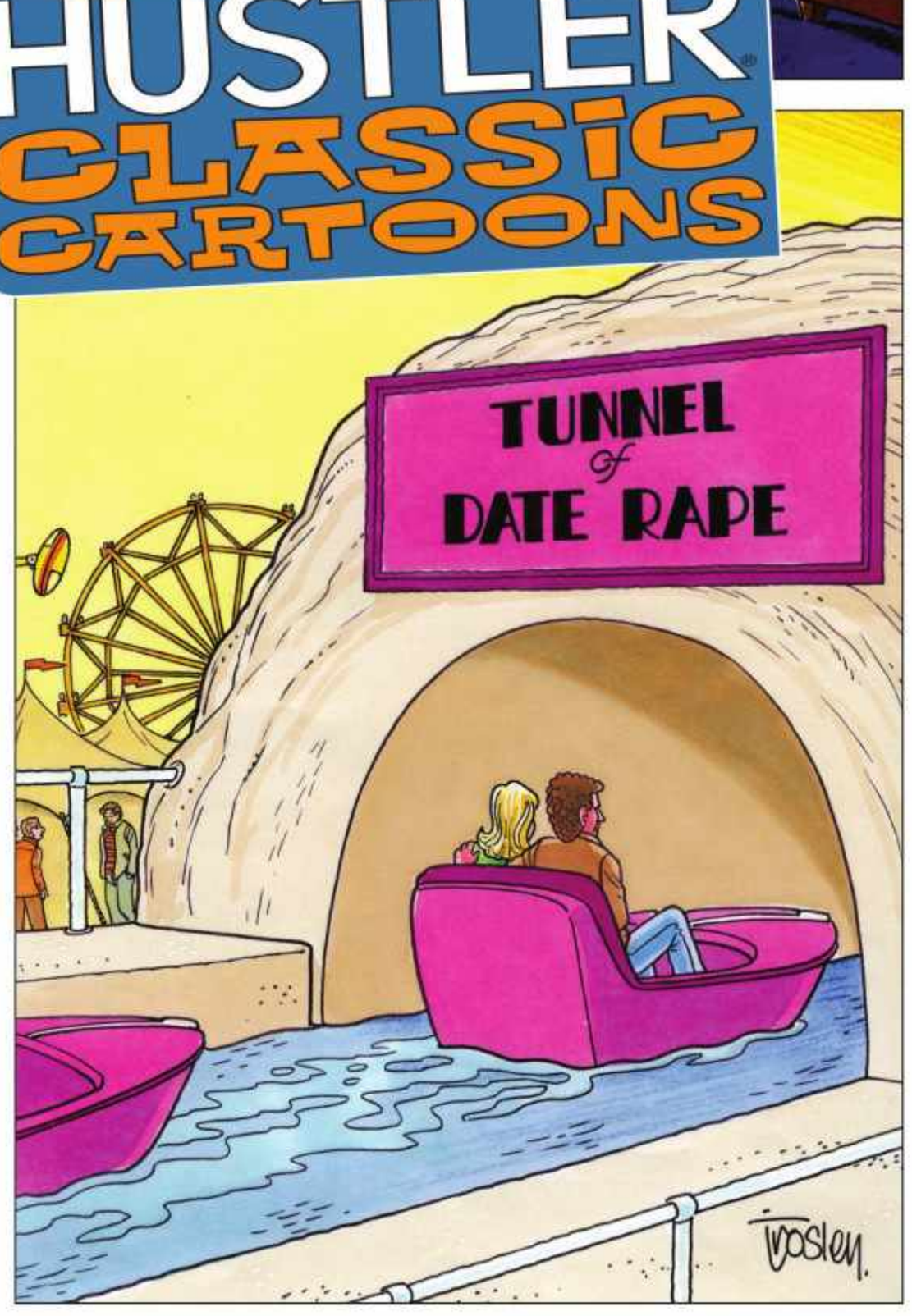




HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS



"Daddy got drunk, ripped mommy's panties off, and thought he was fucking her up the ass...that's how you were born."



INTERVIEW BY BRUCE DAVID AND TED NEWSOM

RADI

STRAIGHT TALK FROM THE FOREMOST VOICE OF PROGRESSIVE RADIO.

RHODES

TALK RADIO'S RANDI RHODES RATTLES OFF IMPECCABLE, verifiable truths with conviction and infectious humor. That explains why her abrupt departure from Air America in 2008—and almost-immediate reappearance on many of the same stations via new syndicator Nova M—made headlines. As insightful and candid as ever, Ms. Rhodes now talks with HUSTLER about her rise from obscurity to her true calling: enlightening and entertaining listeners in one fell swoop.

HUSTLER: Why do you feel that radio is still an effective communication tool?

RANDI RHODES: Listeners feel that you're talking to them. When there's more than one person in somebody's car, you usually listen to music. It's one of the last things that people do alone. They do it in their cars by themselves.

You once served in the Air Force, and now you're a radio star. How did you make this jump?

I moved to West Texas, where I ended up looking for a bookkeeper job because it paid more than a secretary. In the classifieds, the *A*'s came before the *B*'s, and it said, "Announcer Wanted." I thought, *Hey, I can do that!*

It was a storefront on Main Street in Seminole, Texas, a classic country station. A guy ripped some news off a teletype and said, "Read this." I read it, and he said, "You've got a New York accent. People might think that's funny." He hired me for weekends, and it paid $3.35 an hour for four hours a week, so I made $12 before taxes.

I have this memo from him—Steve Harrell: "Due to your enthusiasm and dedication to your job, I'm raising your salary from $3.35 to $4 an hour." I played classic country on the weekends and did this stupid show called *Tradio*, where people traded stuff.

I remember a guy called me up one day: "Darlin', I gotta two-ton hoist I'd like to put on your show. Anybody gimme a decent price, I'll sell it to 'em." On the air I said, "A man's got a two-ton horse for sale if anybody can give it a good home." He called me back, laughing hysterically, "You know how big a two-ton horse would be? It's a hoist—for hoistin' up engines!" People thought it was funny.

I worked as a waitress in a Mexican restaurant to support my radio habit. Meantime, I got a job in Odessa, working on another classic country station. Dick Oppenheimer, who owned a chain of radio stations in Texas, called to say he was starting a rock station in Mobile, Alabama, and to come meet him. So I went to work in Mobile.

And from there back home to New York City while continually keeping an eye out for better gigs?

Yes. I worked for a rock station until they changed the format to Latin dance music, firing everybody who played rock—except me. They said, "You can stay, but you have to change your name to Ramona." In Milwaukee I got to be a morning-show girl, working for a horrible person who did terrible racist jokes and gay-bashing all the time. I despised it. I lasted six weeks there, and I quit.

And you became a trucker?

I had to support myself somehow. A friend from Texas taught me to drive an 18-wheeler. I did that for a year, then my mom got ovarian cancer, and my sister moved down to Florida. She had a little kid, and she said, "I need help. Mom's a handful, and you're miserable up there. Maybe you can find something in radio down here."

I drove to Florida and listened to all of the radio stations on the way. I picked the one that sounded the worst but played the music I liked, figuring they'd need help. The guy who ran the station knew me from New York and said, "I'll give you Saturday overnights. That's all I got." Five weeks later he got fired and was replaced by a guy from Connecticut who also knew me from New York.

He said, "You've got to change your name. There's this amazing jock in New York named Randi Rhodes, and if she finds out you stole her name, she'll rip your hair off." I said, "I *am* Randi Rhodes!" So I did afternoons for WSH in Fort Lauderdale. Then I realized, *Omigod, I'm going to be 40 and playing rock 'n' roll records, and that's like nowhere.*

So you settled down in Florida, but you hadn't yet moved from spinning records to talk radio?

I took a job at an AC—adult contemporary—station in Miami. Everybody was stunned that I would go to work at an AC station, but I only did it because next door was the flagship station for Pops Entertainment's AM pop programming. They had Neil Rogers, who was the godfather of South Florida radio, a hysterically funny older guy, bald and totally gay. If Neil liked you, you could work; if he didn't like you, you couldn't work. He hated female broadcasters.

I'm working as a secretary for an advertising company and doing my weekend stuff at the station. I'm in program director Gary Bruce's face every time I see him: "When are you going to give me a shot? Give me a weekend show."

"Neil doesn't like women on the air."

Then this guy Hank Goldberg walked into the program director's office and told Gary to go fuck himself. So Gary called me and said, "Okay, you're on. Come tonight."

I was terrified, but I knew not to talk about Neil, so I started talking to him: On air I said [to Neil], "You want me. I'm young, I'm smart, and I'm funny."

The hot line rings. It's all lit up and says, "Hot Line, Hot Line, Neil, Neil" in the little box. *Omigod, this is it!* I can still see my finger pushing that button, knowing my entire future is literally on the line. I picked up the phone, and Neil said, "You're exactly what we need. You're young; you're smart; you're funny. Like you said, you're a fucking goddess." He said it that way so I would have to dump it [*use the delay button to prevent profanity from being broadcast*], but during the next commercials I bleeped the tape, then played it all night long.

The next day on his show, he wanted to hear what the listeners had to

PHOTOS BY STEPHANIE DUNN

say first. People asked, "What does she look like?" He goes, "Like a cross between a burned-out Stevie Nicks and a burned-out Susan Dey." I was like 30 years old.

So I got the job working nights. This was flat-out entertainment, nothing to do with politics. The callers made the show because they were drunk and stoned. They'd say, "Oh, you won't believe it, Congressman So-and-So was picking up the young valet parking boys."

But it was seeing Gulf War footage on TV that prompted you to start political talk.

I couldn't understand why everybody was staring at a green screen with little white fireworks on it. These fricking reporters were making like rock stars, and I was making fun of it. I got phone calls questioning my patriotism: "You don't understand. America's at war!" I said to myself, *I'm sticking my nose in a book, and I'm not going to take it out. I'm going to understand this war.*

I didn't have a computer. I had to go to the library. I had to read books. It's the old-fashioned way of doing things. I got books on tape, and I listened to them in the car and learned everything I could about who we are, where we came from. I thought, *Damn, this is like football, but there's money involved, like having all the referees betting on a rigged game.* Slowly but surely the show became more and more about politics.

This is back in the early '90s. Were you meeting any resistance?

God, no! It was the epicenter of South Florida radio, and I got ratings that would choke a mule. It was like an 8.1, men 25 to 54—the money demographic. I was the fair-haired girl; I could do no wrong.

How did you make your way to Air America?

I was here in West Palm while John Manzo was working at Clear Channel's News Talk Headquarters in Tampa. The talk-programming guy said to him, "Find somebody you'd like to work with." He listened to all the Clear Channel talent and picked me. They kept saying, "We can't syndicate you." I kept asking why, right up the food chain. They said, "Randi, we love you, we think you're a genius, your show is extremely successful for us, but it's a local show."

We understand Rush Limbaugh put pressure on them.

The reason Rush was adamant about me never going national is because he lives here. Think about this. Rush Limbaugh is on 600 radio stations. The only way it's possible is if he's on against himself, and he is. That's the dirty little secret of Rush's success.

Did you have a free hand at Clear Channel regarding content?

I was never censored in my entire radio career until I worked for Air America.

At the time, your big issue was campaign-finance reform.

It was a big issue, all the money in politics, because it destroyed radio. Bill Clinton signed the Telecommunications Deregulation Act of 1996, [which allowed media corporations to monopolize the industry], and I got to meet the President right after that. I was very nervous. I said to him, "How could you sign the Telecommunications Deregulation Act? You just destroyed broadcasting, and your party's going to need broadcasters like me."

He said, "Maybe I deregulated it too much." That began my disillusionment with Bill Clinton's style of governing. I realized, *It's the money.* So I started with campaign-finance reform. People are resigned to the fact that you can buy yourself a senator or a congressman or a President. And there was that business with Hillary voting for the [Iraq] war, posturing to show she had balls.

I got phone calls questioning my patriotism: "You don't understand. America's at war!"

You agree that the media has to be regulated?

Absolutely. Rupert Murdoch owns the *Wall Street Journal*, so the business paper of record is now going to have fake business stories. He owns Fox News, radio stations. What is this, *1984*, where Big Brother's the only broadcaster?

Do you agree that the American people are being lied to not just by Fox News, but by CNN, NBC and all the rest?

They don't cover the news. The news has been canceled. It's not so much that you're being lied to; it's that you're not being informed. For instance, Fox News stopped covering the war, and every other network decided they were going to stop covering it too. Where's the Abu Ghraib story? Where's the rendition story? Where is the story about John McCain's bus filled with lobbyists who represented Ferdinand Marcos, or war criminals in Zaire and Somalia? The news has been distorted by punditry passing for journalism. It's a sad day in America when I'm responsible for fact-checking CNN or Fox.

Do you fear for the survival of our democracy?

Oh, yeah, I do. I think we're losing it. Remember, I voted in Palm Beach County in 2000. I have a voting machine—I'm not supposed to—and if I showed it to you and said, "Go ahead and vote for Al Gore," you couldn't do it. I take it out whenever anybody says dumb things like, "Maybe those people were just too stupid to vote."

I know exactly what happened to us. The day I voted in 2000, I came back, got on the air and said, "Something's wrong." That's all I said. The phones lit up. Everybody had a story. There's this place called Belgrade, a poor black agricultural neighborhood, where they were saying, "People went up and down the street handing out these flyers saying we don't vote on Tuesday, we vote on Wednesday."

And others said, "We went in to vote, and they said, 'No, come back tomorrow.'" People went to where they always vote, and their names weren't on the rolls. It was just such a massive voter-suppression effort coupled with the butterfly ballot.

These people [Republicans] have been up to no good for eight years—the most secretive administration in the history of the United States. These devils do not have America's best interests at heart. They are internationalists. It's all corporatized. That is the classic definition of fascism—when the corporations become the government and do it under the guise of extreme nationalism. That's what's happened here, where a flag painted on a car magnet means you're patriotic.

During the 2008 Democratic primaries, were you told by Air America management that you could not disparage any candidate, especially their favorite, Hillary Clinton?

No, it wasn't that blatant. I had complete control of the content as long as I agreed to their nondisparagement agreement. You couldn't talk badly about another host or Air America management. That was in my contract from day one. They made their feelings known that I should back off of Hillary. Of course, if you tell me not to do something, that's all I want to do. She ran such a crappy campaign, but I kept my mouth shut until February [2008]. Then it became patently obvious the math wasn't adding up for her.

Putting it kindly, Air America's management seemed inexperienced.

Not one single, solitary person at Air America has ever been a broadcaster, a general manager or a program director. I poured my heart and soul into it, tried and tried, but [Air America] wouldn't hire broadcasters. Everybody thinks they can do talk radio. Literally, all they had was my show, and when I left, all the affiliates went with me.

It's now known *(continued on page 77)*

HUSTLER Television Parody

HOWL'S KITCHEN

Written and drawn by Noel Anderson

I'M CHEF GORDON RAMMING, THE MOST FOUL-MOUTHED CHEF ON FUCKING TELEVISION! YOU WOULDN'T KNOW THAT I'M A CHEF BY WATCHING THIS SHOW, HOWEVER! THE ONLY THING I'M COOKING UP IS A HALF-BAKED PREMISE WITH MY BOILING TEMPER!

THAT CHEF RAMMING IS THE BEST REALITY STAR EVER! HE'S GOT SKILLS LIKE EMERIL, ATTITUDE LIKE SIMON COWELL...

...AND A MOUTH LIKE OZZY OSBOURNE!

KISS THE COCK!

TONIGHT YOU BUNCH OF BOZOS ARE GONNA HAVE TO WORK YOUR FUCKING ASSES OFF PROVIDING DINNER SERVICE AT THE RESTAURANT!

TEE-HEE! I'M GETTING SERVICED RIGHT NOW, CHEF RAMMING!

JESUS CHRIST! I HOPE YOU FUCKING COCKSUCKERS HAVE SOME KIND OF IDEA OF WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SERVE UP!

ABSOLUTELY! I'M SERVING UP A HOT TUNA MELT SMOTHERED IN MY SPECIAL CREAMY WHITE SAUCE! WHEW! ORDERS UP! NGH!

CHEF RAMMING IS SO *INTIMIDATING* AND SO *LOUD* THAT I GET SCARED AND CAN'T DO ANYTHING RIGHT AROUND HIM! BUT THAT'S ABOUT TO *CHANGE*! I JUST MADE UP A BATCH OF MY SIGNATURE *BAKED ZUCHINI* DISH!

OH, REALLY? IS IT *SO* TASTY THAT IT WILL CHANGE *CHEF RAMMING'S* DEMEANOR!

HANDY HELPER SAYS:

NO! I'M GOING TO *STAB* THEM INTO MY EARHOLES SO I CAN'T *HEAR* HIM, AND THEN I WON'T EVER BE INTIMIDATED BY HIM ANYMORE!

EARS TO YOU, *ASSHOLE*!

SPLITCH

SPLORT

THAT'S BANANAS

BLECCH!

FUCKING HELL, THIS SOUP IS UTTER *SHIT*! WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS *SALTY* BASTARD BRINE!

ME! I'M RESPONSIBLE, CHEF!

BUT THAT'S NOT SOUP...THAT'S MY *FOOTBATH*! I'VE BEEN SOAKING MY SORE *TOOTSIES* IN IT!

WHULP!

THANKS FOR FUCKING ME, CANDY! BUT IT SEEMS A BIT OUT OF PLACE ON A REALITY *COOKING* SHOW!

COOKING SHOW OR NOT, THIS IS STILL A *HUSTLER* PARODY, SO WE HAVE TO SQUEEZE IN AT LEAST THREE PANELS OF *GRAPHIC SEX*! NOW SHUT YOUR CAKE HOLE AND GET *FUCKING*!

SEND IN THE CUT-RATE CHARACTER *ACTORS* WHO POSE AS RESTAURANT CUSTOMERS! I HOPE THAT YOU FUCKING *RETARDS* HAVE COME UP WITH SOMETHING MORE TASTEFUL THAN THE *REST* OF THIS SHOW!

I HAVE SIX TABLES WAITING ON THAT *CHICKEN*! WHY HAVEN'T YOU TAKEN IT OUT YET?

IT'S *POLLO IN BIANCO*, CHEF! IT'S DRY AND I'M NOT SENDING IT OUT UNTIL I GET SOME *WHITE SAUCE*!

REST ROOMS
ACTORS →
← COOKS

YESSS!!

SPUT!

CHICKEN IS *SERVED*!

I FEEL GUILTY ABOUT ALL OF THE FOOD THAT GETS THROWN AWAY ON THIS SHOW! I THINK IT SHOULD BE SENT OVER-SEAS TO FEED STARVING *CAMBODIANS*!

WITH YOUR COOKING, *FATASS*, WE'D HAVE TO SEND THE MARINES ALONG TO FORCE THEM TO *EAT IT*!

HERE KITTY, KITTY, KITTY!

ALF

ALL RIGHT, *FUCK* THIS! I'M EXCERCISING MY RIGHT TO A SPEEDY CONCLUSION! ALL OF YOU FUCKING REJECTS GET OUT HERE, *NOW*!

IS THIS ABOUT THE WEED I PUT IN THE *POT ROAST*?

KITCHEN

NO SOUP FOR YOU!

BETTY, YOU SEEM TO BE THE *LEAST* INCOMPETENT, SO IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE I HAVE MUCH OF A CHOICE! I'M GOING TO GIVE *YOU* THIS *KEY*!

HOLY CRAP! THE KEY TO MY VERY OWN RESTAURANT! THIS IS *SO EXCITING*! I CAN'T BELIEVE I ACTUALLY OWN MY VERY OWN EXPENSIVE *RESTAURANT*!

WHAT?! NO, I'M AFRAID YOU'RE MISTAKEN! THOSE ARE JUST THE KEYS TO *THIS* PLACE! I NEED YOU TO LOCK UP SO I CAN HEAD OVER TO MY OTHER SERIES, *KITCHEN NIGHTMARES*! YOU'RE *ALL LOSERS*!

END

EDDIE VA

THERE IS ONLY ONE EDDIE VAN HALEN. The innovative guitar genius has led his namesake band through decades of rock's most memorable anthems. From "Running With the Devil" to "And the Cradle Will Rock" to "Jump" and "Right Now," Van Halen has provided the soundtrack to your life. We sat down with Eddie at his 5150 Studios to discuss the reunion with David Lee Roth, his new line of guitars (and sneakers), his upcoming wedding and the future of the greatest band in the world.

HUSTLER: What finally made the reunion tour with David Lee Roth happen?

EDDIE VAN HALEN: I guess we got bored sitting around doing nothing. My brother Alex and I always come up here and play. One day my son [Wolfgang] started playing drums and then guitar. I said, "Why don't you come along and play bass?" My brother was in the drum room while Wolfie and I were playing in the control room. Alex starts playing and asks, "Ed, how are you playing bass and guitar at the same time?" I said, "I'm not." He says, "Who's playing bass?"

This is way before the tour. It was when Wolfie first picked up the bass. He was about 13 or 14 years old. I said, "Wolfie, say hi to Uncle Al." Wolfie's voice hadn't changed yet. He says [*in a high pitch*], "Hi, Uncle Al." Al still didn't know who was playing bass. I said, "Come into the control room for a second, Al."

He walked in and saw Wolfie with the bass and said, "You got to be shitting me." Normally, when Al and I play, he never has bass in his headphones. He needs to hear me, and I only need to hear him. I'm not saying that the bass guitar is irrelevant, but the bass is just a frequency in headphones that's not necessary for getting a tight track for Alex and I. Just for the fun of it I put a little bass in his headphones. Al walked into the control room and couldn't believe it was Wolfie playing bass and said, "Wow, you're right in the pocket." He just naturally grooves. Some people are just born with that groove factor.

Then one day, just out of the blue, David Lee Roth called. Out of the fucking blue. It wasn't preplanned or anything. He called me up and asked, "What are you doing?" I said, "Sitting around jamming with Alex and my son." He said: "Really?" I invited him to come by and jam. He came by and said, "Wanna do a tour?" Sure, why not? It was very simple really.

PHOTOS BY MATTHEW BRUCK

N HALEN ROCKS ON! GUITAR GOD SPEAKS!

Did you give Wolfgang lessons?

Nope, I swear to God. I've never shown him a note. If anything it was the opposite: He showed me a thing or two. Like when we were rehearsing for the tour, I hadn't played some of the songs: "Romeo's Delight," "Beautiful Girls"—three quarters of the set I hadn't played since David left in 1985. I hadn't played them in almost 25 years, so I had to relearn the shit. We had played some of the old tunes like "Ain't Talkin' 'Bout Love" and "Jump" but not the more obscure tunes, which are actually my favorites. I had to go back and listen to the records. I'd start playing, and Wolfgang would say, "Dad, you're playing it wrong." He pointed out things and was always right. I'm goin', *Shit, of all people to kick my ass, it's my own son.*

What was it like the first time you guys played after all those years?

It was amazing. At first, obviously, Dave doubted that a 15-16-year-old could do it. He said, "How's a 15-year-old kid going to be able to handle standing in front of that many people? Will he be able to sing? Does he have chops?" That went out the fucking window after the first rehearsal. (*Laughs.*) The best thing of all is that we have all grown. In the old days we yelled and screamed at each other not because we didn't like each other; it was more about the passion. We were always arguing about what the album cover should look like or what it should be called, shit like that, you know? It was our passion for the music, not anger towards each other.

Dave had slightly different ideas than Alex and I did. That led him to pursue a solo career. You know how the press can be. They turned it into a mudslinging thing that really never occurred. At least not to the extent that was reported. Where it actually started, nobody knows. Probably some journalist who took something out of context.

What was the best part of the tour?

The best part for me obviously was playing and being onstage with my son and my brother, and of course being back with Dave. It was a fucking blast. Like family playtime. I think the press made a lot bigger to-do about Dave leaving the band than it was. Okay, how do I say this without offending the womenfolk? It's like any relationship. Everybody has to experiment. Maybe he didn't want to be married for that long. He wanted to try something else. When he realized the marriage was actually good, and maybe missed it a bit, we got back together.

Did Wolfgang actually pick the set list?

Yeah, he put it together and we all really dug it. But he got a little ticked off halfway through the tour when nobody wanted to change it. I was on his side because it would've been nice to change it up a little. We just didn't have a long enough break in the tour to rehearse and work up other tunes. It took me a while to re-learn the ones we did play 'cause I hadn't played 'em for so many years. I mean, some songs, from the first and second record, I wrote in high school. So it goes way back for me.

Were there any songs you didn't play that you wished you could have?

Some new stuff would've been nice. But again, everything was in high gear as soon as we decided to do a tour that it would've taken time to write, record, mix, master, etc. We wouldn't have been on tour in 2007-2008. Overall it was very exciting to play all those classics, and I believe that's what the fans wanted to hear anyway.

What was your favorite song to play?

All of them. Since I write all the music, they're all my crazy-assed children. We've put out about 14 or 15 CDs. If you have 15 kids, you love 'em all, right? You don't love one more than the other even though they each have a bit of an attitude.

Is there a new Van Halen studio CD in the works?

We're just waiting for the right time. I took Wolfie out of school for a whole year to do the tour. It was just a bad time because 11th grade is the year that they prep you for college. At first the school was hesitant to allow him back for 12th grade. He really wants to graduate with his friends. We had a great tutor on tour, so they did let him back to the school he's been going to since kindergarten.

But man, Wolfie worked his butt off. He had four hours of school every day and a gig at night. He was working overtime. From rehearsing here in the studio, to rehearsing at CenterStaging and two weeks at the Los Angeles Forum while he was still in regular school. I can't believe he did it. If you saw the final rehearsal at the Forum, he was already good. And as he got more comfortable with all the traveling, the actual gigs and the daily four-hour tutoring on top of it, he got into a groove, and his confidence grew. It didn't take long for him to be in command of his instrument and become a true equal.

How can a kid want to go back to school after touring?

It's just hard to do it all. I don't think I'd be able to, nor would I want to. I don't see how Wolfie pulled it off. A few times he was sick as a dog, and he still played and sang his ass off. He's more professional than most people I know. We never canceled or postponed a gig because of him. We've canceled a few because of some other people, including me. (*Laughs.*) Just a few weeks ago I almost yanked him out of school. But I do want him to graduate. The thing is, he already has a profession and a career that he's successful, talented and gifted at. It's not just, "Hey, man, he's my son; let's just prop him up there for the hell of it." He lives and breathes music just like his uncle Alex, and me, his father. You should hear him play drums; he's fucking scary good. It's his main instrument.

When can we hope for the new CD?

First, he graduates, and then Janie and I are getting married. Then we'll sit down, give Dave a call and ask him if he feels like whooping and hollering a little bit. I've got a ton of music.

Is there going to be a live CD/DVD from the tour?

We did film and record seven shows, but we kind of thought, why give people what they just saw? We have it. Maybe later. We just didn't feel like the timing was right. Why give them exactly what they just saw? Somewhere in the future I'm sure it'll surface. Maybe, if and when we decide to put everything we have out. Including things like me playing guitar at the 6th grade talent show. There's all kinds of cool and funny shit we could put out. Who knows, really, when there are so many other things to do first. Like put out some new tunes.

Will your upcoming wedding be a traditional ceremony or a rock star bash?

It's a small wedding, with only family and a few close friends here at home in our backyard. It'll be nice. My brother is going to marry us. He can actually legally marry people. He's an ordained minister. Reverend Al. It's gonna be great.

Who will be the best man?

My son Wolfgang, of course.

It'll be a real family affair.

I have very few friends. Janie and I, we don't go out much, except to the market. She's a great cook, so why go out? I've never been the type to hang out much or do the Hollywood thing and that kind of shit. That's why you don't see me in the tabloids very often. We enjoy our privacy.

Tell us about your line of guitars and amps that are coming out.

I've been designing and building amps for quite a few years now. The new "5150-III amps have been available to the public since the summer of 2007. I've built guitars since day one. For one reason: because nothing existed that did what I wanted it to do. The brand-new "Wolfgang Guitar" is a culmination of about 35 years of experimenting with guitars. Everything that I destroyed, stumbled on to, learned and experienced is in this guitar. Along with Matt Bruck and Chip Ellis, we examined and upgraded every aspect and component of the guitar to the highest standards possible. The only similarity to the previous Wolfgang is the body shape, and even that's changed. You name it: We upgraded to stainless steel frets, double-potted custom-wound pickups, five-piece matching binding on the body and headstock, custom-made signature tuning machines and Floyd Rose bridge, new low-friction volume and tone controls, and the list keeps going. It took two-and-a-half years to complete. We left no stone unturned. I can go on and on talking about what it took to build this guitar. The bottom line is if you take the time to play one, I'm willing to bet you'll go with a Wolfgang. Then you will feel what I feel. IT'S JUST BETTER. They will be out in January 2009. Just go to **EVHGear.com** for details. And you'll see all the equipment EVH Brand has to offer.

Whereas most musicians just slap their names on a guitar, you really take a hands-on approach to creating one.

Well, yeah, it's my guitar. It's got my name and my son's name on it. Nowhere will you see any other name on it. Fender manufactures my amps, but they aren't Fender amps. It's EVH brand, and I'm hands-on every step of the way with my partner and friend Matthew Bruck. Chip Ellis is in charge and oversees the guitar end, and Mike Ulrich is the amp man.

Do you have any advice for young musicians?

When fans or beginner guitarists walk up to me and ask, "What does it take to make it?" the first thing I ask is what do you mean by "making it"? Do you want to be famous? Do you want to be a rock star? I don't really know what to do to be famous except jerk off in public. You'll get arrested, and you'll be famous. (*Laughs.*) But if you want your livelihood and your life to be music, then play and play and play until you get there.

Do you still play every day?

I do now. After the tour I was a couch potato for a good five months, but I'm back! I'm writing. I'm doing everything—including interviews. (*Laughs.*)

Are you also doing a sneaker line?

I took a pair of tennis shoes and stripped them up myself and thought it was cool. It is my actual trademark, and I thought the shoes were cool. We're finally putting them out after all these years.

Is clothing design something you're interested in?

I wear clothing half the day. (*Laughs.*)

Any chance you'll make Wolfgang stripe bowling shoes?

Hey, you know…yeah, maybe I'll make some for myself first. That kind of applies to my guitars too. I didn't build these to sell, really. The thing is a lot of people want what I use. With the guitars and amps, I'm not forcing these down anyone's throats. But if you want what I use, now they are available.

Is that the secret of your success: You do things for you?

Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. You have to. It's like writing music. I don't know what a fucking hit is. Everybody laughed when I played "Jump." The overall consensus was, "Hey, Ed, you're a guitar hero; nobody wants to see you playing keyboards." Well, it's the only #1 hit single we've ever had. So I guess I got the last laugh.

What is the best part about being Eddie Van Halen in 2009?

I guess for the first time in my life I really feel good. I don't really wanna get into the whole sobriety trip. But I'm just workin' on a lot of things to get better at being here in the moment and stay clear, you know? I have been drinking, smoking and playing guitar since I was 12 years old. I still smoke, and I'm definitely playing guitar better than ever. I guess one of the three had to go. Along with some other shit. But alcohol was the wonder drug for me. It's a trip to look back and go, *Fuck, I've been doing this for over 40 years.* I'm lucky to be alive. I'm healthier and happier than I've ever been.

Janie and I are getting married in June. She's a beautiful, sexy, sweet, strong and smart woman who loves me unconditionally. And of course vice versa. I mean the love part. I have the most insanely gifted, talented, wonderful son (a direct gift from God), whom I love more than he'll ever know. My brother Alex, who I just love so fucking much, it makes me wanna cry out of joy that I'm so blessed to have him since the day I was born. My best friend Matt, who I've known for over 20 years and works with me on just about everything I do. My friend Ryan and a few other people. A great career. And of course my own company, EVH brand of guitars, amps and accessories. What the fuck more could I ask for? I feel like my life is just beginning. That's what the best part of being Eddie Van Halen is…in any year.

"I'm doing time for something I didn't do:
I didn't cut his fuckin' head off."

OH, ROY, ARE WE WILLING TO SCALE THOSE TREACHEROUS CLIFFS OF DESIRE AND RISK CRASHING DOWN ON THE ROCKS OF REGRET?!
WHATEVER. I JUST WANNA FUCK.
J. BILLENTE

Her First Time

I can't believe this is really happening!" the over-stimulated **Kagney Linn Karter** exclaims. "I've always wanted to be in HUSTLER. It was the first adult magazine I ever saw. I remember finding my older brother's porn stash and getting turned on by all the hot girls and explicit action. Now I'm in it? For real? Wow!"

KAGNEY LINN KARTER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL FOR SUZE RANDALL PHOTOGRAPHY

It may be hard to believe, but **Kagney** didn't yell "Wow!" when she started fucking men. "My first time with a guy wasn't as hot as I'd hoped it would be," the porn newbie recalls. "He was all shaky and nervous, plus he lasted only about six seconds. Shame too—he was cute. I learned from that, and now I have a few tricks up my sleeve to make a guy hold out. I don't want to say I'm an expert at sex, but I'm really good. You know what they say: Practice makes perfect. I love to practice."

Known affectionately as **Kags**, curvaceous **Ms. Karter** is also proud of her skin-biz accomplishments. "This past year has been a lot of firsts for me," she purrs. "My first magazine layout, my first Web site (which I'm building now), my first girl/girl and my first threesome. I never thought I'd be willing to share a man with another woman, but it was steamy. The mixture of male and female juices got me off quicker than ever!"

There's nothing quite like your first time.

KAGNEY LINN KARTER'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Studio City, California | AGE: 21 | BIRTH SIGN: Aries | HEIGHT: 5-4 | WEIGHT: 120

UFOs Are Real— Now What?

Astronauts and three U.S. Presidents have confirmed the rumors of extraterrestrial visitations, but can we handle the truth?

"The UFO phenomenon is real."

The speaker wasn't some raving fanatic on a street corner or a paranoid hermit in a shack. It was distinguished astronaut Edgar D. Mitchell, who made history on February 5, 1971, when he spent nine hours on the moon during the Apollo 14 mission.

On July 23, 2008, Mitchell stated on an English radio broadcast what millions have suspected for years: "It's been well covered up by all our governments for the last 60 years or so, but slowly it's leaked out, and some of us have been privileged to have been briefed on some of it."

He added, "I've been [with people] in military and intelligence circles who know that beneath the surface of what has been public knowledge—yes, we have been visited."

Mitchell's candid disclosure came as a shock to many, but he is far from alone in his conviction. Mercury astronaut Gordon Cooper, the sixth American in space, stated to a United Nations panel in 1985: "For many years I have lived with a secret…imposed on all specialists and astronauts. I can now reveal that every day, in the USA, our radar instruments capture objects of form and composition unknown to us."

In his book *Leap of Faith*, Cooper describes firsthand experiences with UFOs while piloting an F-86 Sabre jet over western Germany. In Cooper's own words: "I did have

Gordon Cooper

occasion in 1951 to have two days of observation of many flights of them, of different sizes, flying in fighter formation, generally from east to west over Europe." Unlike Allied pilots' sightings of flying balls of light (nicknamed "foo fighters") during World War II, Cooper described these vehicles as metallic, disc-shaped, solid objects that easily outmaneuvered his plane.

Cooper also went on official record with an alleged event at California's Edwards Air Force Base in 1957 while overseeing the installation of a precision-landing facility. Cooper reported: "I had a camera crew filming the installation when they spotted a saucer. They filmed it as it flew overhead, then hovered, extended three legs as landing gear, and slowly came down to land on a dry lakebed. … These guys were all pro cameramen, so the picture quality was very good. … The camera crew managed to get within 20 or 30 yards of it, filming all the time. It was a classic saucer, shiny silver and smooth, about 30 feet across. It was pretty clear it was an alien craft. As they approached closer, it took off."

Cooper later said the craft was similar to what he had seen in the skies over Europe: lenticular, like two saucers fitted together.

Appearing on *Larry King Live*, another astronaut recently revealed his own possible UFO encounter during the famous Apollo 11 lunar mission in 1969. According to Buzz Aldrin, two days after jettisoning the Saturn V launch rocket's final booster stage, he and the other two crew members noticed a shining "L-shaped" object in the distance, traveling alongside the command module.

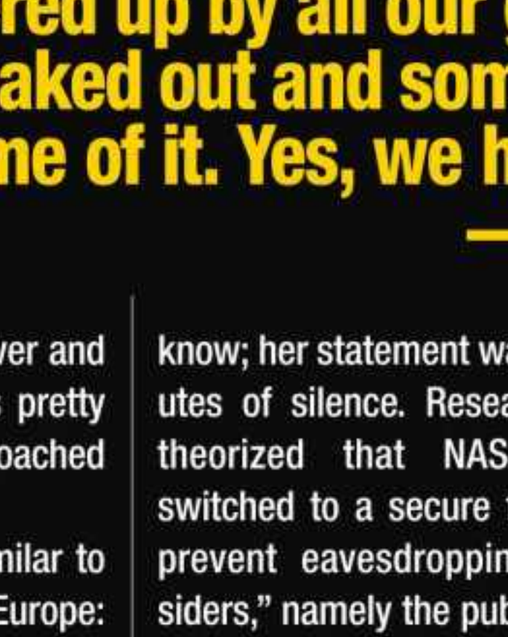
As Aldrin explained to King and a nationwide audience, "At this point, if we were to say to Houston, 'We got a light out the window; it's going along with us heading for the moon,' a lot of these guys are gonna go ape, y'know, and it's really gonna endanger the mission. So we very shrewdly said, 'Houston, where is the upper stage?' They came back ten minutes later and said, 'It's 6,000 nautical miles away.' Well, we figured that's not what we're looking at." [Editor's Note: Aldrin later speculated that the mysterious object was a reflective panel that had come loose from the spacecraft and was floating in the cosmos.]

Cady Coleman

It's important to note that astronauts are highly trained observers who've logged thousands of hours in and above the skies. They are able to identify aircraft, satellites and common atmospheric phenomena—and are not prone to wild speculation. Their missions and their lives depend on precise observation and cool judgment. What, then, can we make of astronaut Cady Coleman's startling audio transmission from the space shuttle *Columbia*? On October 21, 1995, at 2:05 a.m. EST, she announced to Mission Control, "We have an unidentified flying object."

What did Coleman see? We may never know; her statement was followed by 15 minutes of silence. Researchers have theorized that NASA instantly switched to a secure frequency to prevent eavesdropping by "outsiders," namely the public.

To this day, NASA remains tight-lipped about Coleman's terse message, with no official explanation. Unofficially, some of the most competent and brightest astronauts clearly have theories about the inexplicable craft and lights in our skies, but they wait until leaving NASA to speak their minds.


Buzz Aldrin

Apollo 17 commander Eugene Cernan left nothing to doubt when he stated in a 1973 *Los Angeles Times* article on UFOs, "I've been asked, and I've said publicly, I thought they were somebody else—some other civilization."

Such testimony isn't limited to astronauts. In a March 28, 1966, letter to the chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, Congressman and future President Gerald Ford wrote, in part: "I strongly recommend that there be a committee investigation of the UFO phenomena. I think we owe it to the people to establish credibility regarding UFOs and to produce the greatest possible enlightenment on this subject."

On September 18, 1973, Georgia Governor and future President Jimmy Carter filed a report with the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena, documenting his 1969 sighting in Leary, Georgia. During his 1976 Presidential election campaign, Carter told reporters: "It was the darnedest thing I've ever seen. It was big, it was very bright, it changed colors, and it was about the size of the moon. We watched it for ten minutes, but none of us could figure out what it was. One thing's for sure: I'll never make fun of people who say they've seen unidentified objects in the sky. If I become President, I'll make every piece of information this country has about UFO sightings available to the public and the scientists."

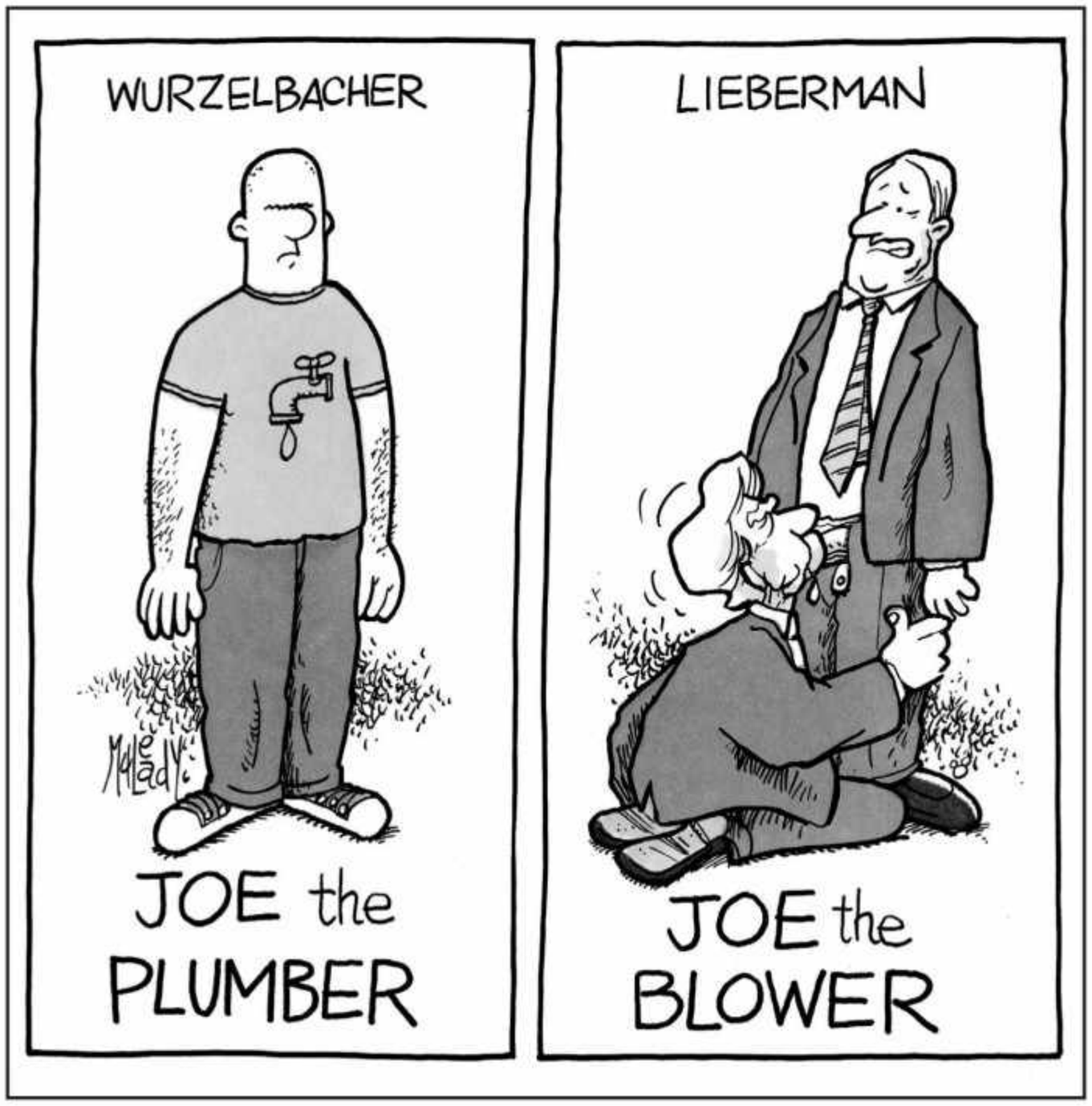
Eugene Cernan

However, once both politicians became President, their tunes changed. After replacing Richard Nixon in 1974, Gerald Ford never brought the subject up publicly again.

Jimmy Carter's promise of disclosure became an equivocal denial after he moved

"It's been well covered up by all our governments for the last 60 years or so, but slowly it's leaked out and some of us have been privileged to have been briefed on some of it. Yes, we have been visited."
—Apollo 14 Astronaut Edgar Mitchell

Ed Mitchell



into the White House in 1977. A letter written by his deputy press secretary, Walter Wurfel, undercut Carter's previous pledge, stating: "He is committed to the fullest possible openness in government and would support full disclosure of material that was not defense-sensitive that might relate to UFOs. He did not, however, pledge to 'make every piece of information concerning the UFOs available to the public.' There might be some aspects of some sightings that would have defense implications that possibly should be safeguarded against immediate and full disclosure."

Perhaps it was also "defense implications" that inspired Carter's successor to make numerous references to a possible alien threat. In a December 4, 1985, speech to high school students in Fallston, Maryland, President Ronald Reagan declared: "One point in our discussions with [the Soviet Union's] General Secretary Gorbachev…I couldn't help but say to him, just think how easy his task and mine might be in these meetings that we held if suddenly there was a threat to this world from some other species from another planet."

Two years later—addressing the United Nations on September 21, 1987—Reagan repeated the same idea: "How quickly our differences worldwide would vanish if we were facing an alien threat from outside this world."

Is it possible that Reagan, who was eventually diagnosed with Alzheimer's, was inadvertently allowing certain classified UFO information to leak? He was no stranger to unexplained aerial phenomena. While governor of California in 1974, Reagan gave details of his own UFO encounter to Norman C. Millar, then Washington Bureau chief for the *Wall Street Journal*.

Reagan told Millar: "I was in a plane last week when I looked out the window and saw this white light. It was zigzagging around. I went up to the pilot and said, 'Have you seen anything like that before?' He was shocked and said, 'Nope.' And I said to him: 'Let's follow it!' We followed it for several minutes. It was a bright white light. We followed it to Bakersfield, and all of a sudden, to our utter amazement, it went straight up into the heavens. When we got off the plane, I told Nancy [Mrs. Reagan] all about it."

Sightings by high-ranking government officials continue into the present day. In a 2007 interview with CNN, Fife Symington revealed the following: "In 1997, during my second term as governor of Arizona, I saw something that defied logic and challenged my reality. I witnessed a massive, delta-shaped craft silently navigate over Squaw Peak, a mountain range in Phoenix, Arizona. It was truly breathtaking. I was absolutely stunned because I was turning to the west looking for the distant Phoenix Lights. To my astonishment this (*continued on page 98*)

BY NATALIE McLENNAN

THE $2,000-AN'-HOUR WOMAN

Being the priciest escort in the Big Apple wasn't just about hot sex and cold cash.

In her book *The Price*, Natalie "Natalia" McLennan details her three-month rise from a would-be actress with an abusive boyfriend to—by her account—the highest-paid call girl in New York City, working out of a fashionable loft apartment. Her partner—some would say pimp—Jason Itzler arbitrarily set a price of $2,000 an hour for her amorous talents, and customers willingly accepted it. Their escort service, NY Confidential, allegedly also employed Ashley Alexandra Dupré, whose dalliance with New York Governor Eliot Spitzer ended his political career. After a brief moment in the public eye, capped by gracing the cover of *New York* magazine, McLennan found herself behind bars for assorted high-life offenses, including prostitution and possession of drugs. The following is an excerpt from *The Price*.

HERE'S THE CRAZY THING: I am nowhere close to drop-dead hot. I do have a great ass, and I enjoy sex like a true nymphomaniac. (I actually looked it up in the American Psychiatric Association's *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders*. I fit the profile to a T.) The thing is, I made guys want to hang out with me. I listened to them when they bragged about how much money they made or went on about their favorite baseball team. We joked, we partied, and I fucked their brains out.

$2,000-AN-HOUR WOMAN

Sometimes things would go seriously FUBAR, and it always seemed like it was up to me to keep the train from flying off the tracks.

Ashley [Dupré] and I were lounging around the loft. It was past midnight. We hadn't had a booking, and we were losing our energy. Then the phone rang. We could hear Jason [Itzler] answer it in the office upstairs, but we couldn't catch what he was saying.

Jason came down the stairs with the details: me, Ash, plus a third girl to Finn's pad. Finn was the skin-mag publisher who had booked me in the early days. He knew how to treat a girl right. We'd be able to party, drink and have a fun little sex scene in his massive designer loft for the next two hours and each walk away with $1,000 plus.

"And, oh, I forgot to tell you," Jason said. "Brigit is the third girl."

I gave him the "you've-got-to-be-kidding-me" look. Brigit was a pill-popping ex-stripper with way too much plastic surgery and a volatile ex-boyfriend who used to run a competing agency known for escorts who doubled as drug dealers. He was residing under the care of the New York State Department of Correctional Services somewhere upstate.

Brigit was an emotional time bomb waiting to explode, infamous for getting totally hammered and regaling her clients with tales about how she'd been raped multiple times, survived cervical cancer and was on the verge of getting kicked out of her apartment. Every guy's fantasy, right?

She was the polar opposite of a New York Confidential girl. Jason and I had had the Brigit discussion before. But I gave the argument another shot. I laid out why he should NEVER, under any circumstances, send her to a client.

I didn't want to deprive the girl of a living, but the ex-boyfriend was reason enough to stay clear. Law enforcement considered him public enemy number one in the sex industry, which meant she was probably on their radar as well. If she were ever arrested, she would rat us out in a heartbeat to avoid going to jail. Hell, she might even be able to buy her man some time off in exchange for info on the city's hottest agency—us. Furthermore, she was killing our rep. I detailed the numerous occasions she melted down in front of clients in my presence. Who knows what happened when I wasn't around?

Jason listened but was having none of it. "Guys don't care what comes out of a girl's mouth if she's got a hot body."

Maybe he wanted to give her a break. Or maybe he was just a greedy bastard and wanted as many girls who liked money and sex as he could get his hands on, even if they were certifiable. Why he kept her around is a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside a Trojan.

Ashley looked on quizzically. She had not met Brigit.

"You'll see," I told her, admitting defeat.

As Ashley and I arrived at the street entrance to Finn's loft on Wooster Street, I tried to suppress my dread at seeing Brigit again. Finn opened the door with his arms spread open wide and grabbed me into a hug.

"Where have you been? I've fuckin' missed you."

His eyes drifted to Victoria [*Ashley's working-girl name*].

"And who is this? Holy shit, Jason is not fucking around." He was so obviously at home in his enormous SoHo loft. The last time I'd been at Finn's, we'd spent the last half-hour of our appointment lying naked on the carpet in his living room, draped over each other. He pointed to each piece of art one by one and gave me a mini art lesson.

"This is Victoria," I said. I was as proud of my little protégé as he was happy to meet her. "Jason is stepping it up a notch, you know?"

I giggled and jumped into his arms, wrapping my legs around his waist. He spun me around, and I grabbed Ashley and pulled her into the apartment. I was going to show her how good this job could be.

We each did two shots of Grey Goose, sniffed from the three-foot line of coke on the black-marble countertop. Then I unzipped my Louis Vuitton duffel bag. Finn gave me his best bad-boy smirk. "Did you bring toys?"

Of course I'd brought toys—and lingerie. I told Finn to turn up the music, and soon the place was thumping with a killer house beat. I pulled Ashley into Finn's bedroom and gave her a garter and some fishnets.

I went back out to see Finn. We were going to make him feel more regal than the Sultan of Brunei. I straddled him and started kissing. He squeezed his hands around my waist and then flipped me onto my back and was about to climb on top of me when something caught his eye.

I looked over and saw Ashley walking toward us. She was wearing the garter belt, thigh-high fishnets and stilettos, and she'd taken one of Finn's ribbed wife-beater tees and tied the front in a knot. I pushed Finn away from me, and he reached for Victoria, who leaned over him on the couch and gave him a nice, long kiss. Then she turned her attention to me, and we starting kissing intensely. My mind was clear and empty of all thoughts other than how good this felt.

She pulled my dress over my head and bit one of my nipples. I grabbed one of the cushions from the couch and tossed it on the floor as she slid to the carpet and lay back, resting her head on the padding. I pulled her panties to the side and licked her clit. I looked up at her, and we smiled at each other. I kept going, and as I felt Finn's hand move up my leg, I moaned and couldn't wait for him to touch me, to put his fingers inside me.

Ashley's top came off, then Finn's. We crawled toward Finn, who was kneeling a few feet away, his hand on his cock. We pulled down his underwear, and I licked the head of his penis. He sighed and leaned his head back. Ashley's tongue joined mine, and we slowly started giving him a blowjob together.

After a few minutes I got up to get some condoms and came back to the living room. Finn took Ashley's hand and mine, and we all walked to the bedroom. Finn unwrapped a condom, and I got down on my knees, put him all the way in my mouth, sucking until I felt there was no way he could get any harder and then let Victoria put the condom on for him.

I lay back on Finn's bed. The sheets felt like butter on my skin. He pushed my legs open and slipped inside me. Ashley disappeared for a second and came back with a small glass dildo. She lay down beside us and, as I closed my eyes and arched my head back, I saw her slide it inside her.

"I've got to see your ass," he said as he flipped me over. I loved how good it felt.

I came and let Finn shift his attention to Victoria. She straddled him, and I could tell he was about to come. I leaned down and licked his balls a little, and he came super hard and so did Victoria. I smiled, so happy, and let myself fall against pillows.

I lit a cigarette, took a few drags and then passed it to Ashley. The doorbell rang.

Who the fuck is that? I wondered. Ashley looked at me and shrugged.

BRIGIT! Shit, I'd totally forgotten about her. She was almost two hours late. I had a bad feeling about this.

She walked in like she owned the place, but didn't much like it. Then she made a beeline for the bottle of Grey Goose on the kitchen counter.

"Brigit, this is Finn, and do you know Victoria? She's new."

"Yeah? Is Jason giving her all the bookings? Is she why he hasn't called me?"

No, the voice in my head answered, *it's because you're fucking crazy*. She turned to Finn, "This is your place? How the fuck do you afford this?"

["I've got to see your ass," he said as he flipped me over. I loved how good it felt.]

Finn did not miss a beat, "How the fuck did you afford your tits?" Then he turned to me and asked, "Natalia, you want a roofie?" I knew what Finn really meant was "Let's call it a night."

I followed him into the bedroom. He handed me a few pills.

"I don't even know what to say. I'll get her out of here," I said.

We heard a loud *pop!*

"She just opened my champagne," Finn said, dejectedly.

I went into damage-control mode. Brigit was flailing around the living room in her underwear, waving the bottle around. Oh God, fucking Cristal! Who pops a $500 bottle of someone else's champagne at four in the morning—and drinks out of the bottle?

She flopped on the sofa, her dirty feet flying up in the air. She fumbled through her purse with one hand, nearly spilling the champagne on the carpet with the other.

Ashley looked like a deer in headlights.

I did a quick line of coke for courage and motioned for Ashley to come over. I handed her the straw and said, "Do a line and then get all our stuff together. We gotta get out of here before all hell breaks loose."

I started sorting through everyone's clothes, which were scattered all over the loft's giant main area. Finn was nowhere to be seen, but my first guess was that he was on the phone with Jason. Not good.

Luckily, Ashley was hip to the situation. She'd located her skirt and shirt and was ready to walk out the door. I was now dressed and holding the loco bitch's clothes.

"Brigit? We're gonna go."

"Okay, have fun, bye!" She popped three Vicodins.

"No, we all have to go."

"I just got here. Do I get paid? Jason told me this was a three-hour booking!"

"Brigit, you were two hours late."

"Motherfucker!" she swore and stomped toward the bedroom. "You had better pay me!" she screamed in Finn's direction.

"Of course you'll get paid. Come on, let's go," I pleaded. She disappeared into the bathroom. We followed with her clothes and made her look presentable. I dug around in my duffel until I found my sunglasses and went to find Finn.

He was sitting on his bed, head in his hands. When you lay down the kind of money he did, this is not how you imagine the night would end. He seemed annoyed, but looked like he'd get over it. He stood and asked, "You going to be okay?"

"What do you think?" I chuckled.

He smiled and kissed my forehead. We were cool, at least.

When we burst through the front door to the street, the sun was coming up. The cover of darkness was gone. I had to get our sideshow act off the streets, quick.

Brigit stumbled, almost took a nosedive off the curb, caught herself, then took a big swig of champagne. Holy shit! What was she doing with the champagne?

This was so not good. Three escorts with a duffel bag full of sex toys, lube, a wad of hundreds and a credit card imprint slip with all Finn's info on it. Plus, I had a big bag of blow in my purse. If a cop drove by, this Courtney Love clone would take us all down.

I'd never been happier to see a cab barrel down Broadway. I waved my arms as if on a desert island, and it was my rescue plane. The cab swooped over to pick us up.

I held off calling Jason while we were in the cab. He'd see for himself soon enough what he had gotten by ignoring my sage advice.

The Price: My Rise and Fall as Natalia, New York's #1 Escort is available at **PhoenixBooksAndAudio.com**, **Amazon.com** and bookstores nationwide.

THE GIRLS OF MYSPACE

SCREEN NAME:

Janessa Jordan

AGE: 27

STATUS: Single

NUMBER OF MYSPACE FRIENDS: 2,199

LOCATION: British Columbia, Canada

URL: MySpace.com/JanessaJordan

Bodacious Janessa Jordan claims to be a bit on the shy side, but you'd never guess that by viewing her dazzling MySpace profile. Amid photos of her caressing a bevy of lingerie-clad women you'll find a list of interests that includes camping, hiking, cooking and boating. But her favorite pastime is sex.

"I've done everything onscreen," the steamy XXX starlet admits. "And personally, I prefer someone who has a kinky side, who is willing to try anything in bed."

But Jordan, who was born in Germany and now makes her home in Canada's picturesque province of British Columbia, will get down and dirty just about anywhere. Janessa once worked as a clerk in a porn shop, and you know where this is going. "There was one customer I had a crush on," she fondly recalls. "During one of my shifts one thing led to another, and I ended up closing the store so we could have a quickie. It was completely spur of the moment."

The 5-foot-8 networking buff also confesses to having a thing for men in uniform. "I love firemen," Janessa remarks. "I dated one for a while. I'd never let him get completely undressed when we fucked. It would really get me off to screw him in his uniform. I like men who are rugged and rough-looking. Even crooked teeth get me hot." Maybe that's why she moved to a country with lots of hockey players, eh?

However, when it comes to her lesbo side, Ms. Jordan prefers the polar opposite. "I want a woman who is easygoing with a curvy body. She definitely has to have a booty and nice teeth—and definitely someone who is not catty."

Naturally, Janessa fancies the proverbial threesome. "Going out for drinks with a guy and another girl, having some fun and then coming back home to enjoy a crazy, sexual free-for-all would be the perfect date for me," Janessa marvels in her adorable Canadian accent.

Sounds good to us! And for more titillation, check out **JanessaJordan.com**.

PHOTOS BY BLAINE PAUL, BlainePaul@BombShellGirl.com

BY ERICKA RACHELLE

HUSTLER'S GIRLS OF MYSPACE ★ HUSTLER'S GIRLS OF MYSPACE ★

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 years of age or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at **MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine** or by e-mailing ***Hustler@LFP.com***.

MY SPACE #28: JANESSA JORDAN

BEHIND THE SCENES

THIS AIN'T GILLIGAN'S ISLAND XXX

TV SITCOM VETERAN **M. ALLEN NATHAN** TAKES A THREE-HOUR BEHIND-THE-SCENES TOUR OF HUSTLER'S LATEST SPOOF.

"I'm a big believer in masturbation for good health," says Darryl Hanah.

I'M SITTING IN A DRESSING ROOM, interviewing an adult-film actress, when I hear a faint hum. Assuming someone is using an electric shaver in a nearby bathroom, I ignore it. Suddenly, the buzzing grows louder, more insistent. I realize the sound is emanating from the wide-open legs of the blonde across from me. I look closer and see that Darryl Hanah, who is not wearing a stitch of underwear, has a giant vibrator going full throttle under her dress.

So began my day on the set of HUSTLER Video's *This Ain't Gilligan's Island XXX*.

I've been a writer/producer in Hollywood for 20 years, and I've hung around a lot of productions, but this was my first visit to an adult-movie shoot. The set itself wasn't physically different from what I was used to: camera equipment, makeup people, wardrobe, etc.—all the personnel and accoutrements you'd find on any Hollywood soundstage. But that's where the similarity ended—big-time.

"I hope you don't mind if I play with my pussy while we talk," said the lovely, vaginally überstimulated Darryl Hanah. (And, no, she wasn't the mermaid in *Splash*. That was Daryl Hannah with one *R* and two *N*s.) "I'm a big believer in masturbation for good health," Ms. Hanah offered. "Did you know that masturbation was endorsed by former Surgeon General Joycelyn Elders?" I didn't. I apologized for my ignorance, peeked once more at the actress's humming crotch as she continued with the Surgeon General's health regimen, then excused myself so she could prepare

PHOTOS BY MITCHELL QUARANTA

Ryder Skye (left) waits for her cue as the nasty version of Ginger. As Gilligan, Anthony Rosano (above) gets a lot more poon than Bob Denver ever did. Mrs. Howell (Darryl Hanah) on the set.

for her upcoming scene. "It's going to be great," Darryl replied cheerfully. "It's my birthday. This is the third year in a row I'm going to get fucked on my birthday!"

This was an awkward situation Hallmark cards never covered. What do you say: "Happy Natal Anal"? Gingerly—pardon the pun—I said, "I bet you're going to have a bang-up day." The birthday girl smiled uncomfortably at me. I vowed I'd made my last porn pun of the day.

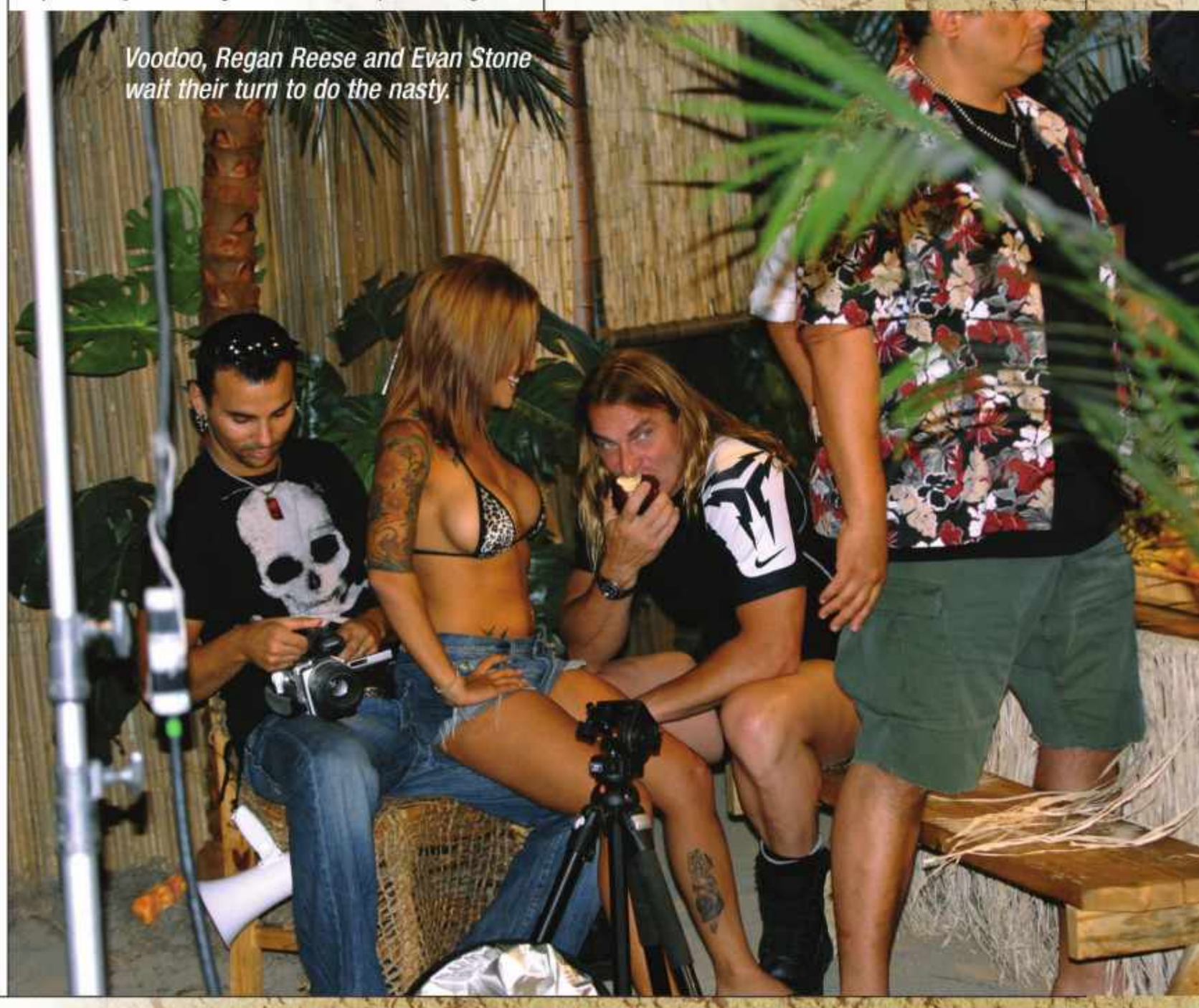
Instead, I observed and listened. I heard an actor bitch about how a spacey colleague accidentally came in his eye. I watched several actresses walking around holding enema bags and douche boxes as nonchalantly as coffee cups. I heard people talking about screwing former co-stars as dispassionately as if they were part of the same fantasy football league. Over lunch, I sat in wonder as a group of porn thespians used the word *anal* more times in casual conversation than I'd have thought possible for an exam room full of proctologists.

Adult-film performers are ultracool about sex. Even when they're "doing it," what you sense on set is not eroticism; it's professionalism. The people banging each other's brains out for your viewing pleasure may enjoy their work, but it is work.

Hey, you try screwing on cue in front of hot lights, cameras and a film crew—with choreographed sexual positions, no less. I stood watching a couple going at it while the director called out, "Now give me the mish/scissors." The experience felt about as erotic as listening to Jim McKay discussing a figure skater's triple Lutz on *The Wide World of Sports*.

HOW DOES A MAINSTREAM Hollywood writer end up clumsily gawking at hot, naked babes on a porn set? It started with the Writers Guild of America's strike in October 2007. I spent days holding a cardboard picket sign in front of the 20th Century Fox studio gate.

HUSTLER Magazine inquired if striking WGA writers wanted to do freelance articles. I wrote a well-received piece, *Chump Jocks and the Women Who Drained Them* (September '08), then went back to work a few weeks later, promising to stay in touch. A month down the line an idea hit me. I rang up



Voodoo, Regan Reese and Evan Stone wait their turn to do the nasty.

my new amigos at LFP and asked if my buddy Mitchell, an amateur shutterbug, could live out a fantasy. It was his big 5-0 birthday; would it be possible for him to take pictures of gorgeous models on a HUSTLER set if there was a corresponding assignment I could write? I had a background in half-hour situation comedy; they had a sitcom parody in production. Quicker than you could misspell *cunnilingus*, I was back working for my favorite men's mag.

My assignment? Do a piece about the production of *This Ain't Gilligan's Island XXX* and provide some insight into one of the great debates in American society: Which *Gilligan's Island* chick would have been the better lay—Ginger or Mary Ann?

Mitchell and I went to a studio where a HUSTLER Video crew was sending up that beloved, cheesily produced TV dinosaur. On a jungle set that looked as gloriously fake as the real show's, we met two veteran porn actors who'd be playing decadent versions of the Skipper and the Professor. According to Rod Fontana and Jack Lawrence, the eternal appeal of the original sitcom was simple: sex appeal.

"*Gilligan's Island* absolutely still resonates as a concept because of the sexual tension," Lawrence reminisced, practically misty-eyed at the memory. "I wanted to bang Ginger before I even quite knew what it meant. I had no big sisters, so I had no close exposure to older women. My hormones were raging, and there was this smokin'-hot babe, Ginger, right in my living room. She was the perfect sexual fantasy."

"Not for me," Fontana countered. "Ginger was unattainable pussy. Too Hollywood. I didn't know anyone like her, but Mary Ann, well…"

Fontana, too, suddenly drifted back to a simpler, more sentimental time. "Mary Ann was like the girl-next-door, but filthier somehow. I looked at her and thought, *Man, with this chick a guy can really lay down some pipe!*"

Now this was significant. Here were two porn veterans, guys with literally thousands of sexual experiences between them, taking the time to reverently examine the Ginger vs. Mary Ann controversy. But could the ladies' porn counterparts possibly fill their iconic panties?

"I totally dig Ginger," murmured sultry Ryder Skye, recognizing her responsibility as keeper of the flame. "Personally, I thought of myself more as a Mary Ann-type, but I was excited to be cast as Ginger. I watched lots of episodes and practiced her great, sexy voice. I'm ready."

Chosen to portray Mary Ann was Sindee Jennings, who took a more Method approach. "It's still mostly fucking," she observed. "I've seen only a few episodes. I'm usually cast as a farmgirl, an innocent type who's really a bad girl. That's the Mary Ann I'm playing. She's got a masturbating addiction, just like me."

Sweet, little, Midwestern Mary Ann was a jagoff junkie? My photographer friend Mitchell nodded, unsurprised. "I always suspected as much," he confided, recalling that, as a horny kid, he had envisioned Mary Ann and Ginger in many of the erotic positions he was now staring at through his camera's viewfinder.

"Taking pictures of these two hotties is a dream-come-true," Mitchell marveled. "My wedding and the birth of my kids used to be the greatest moments in my life. They've now been bumped down to two and three."

One erotic visual that no normal pubescent teen ever conjured up was a naked Mrs. Howell. As played originally by the late Natalie Schafer, Lovey Howell was an eccentric biddy who was about as hot as Judi Dench in the James Bond movies. However, the spoof character is definitely not your father's Mrs. Howell.

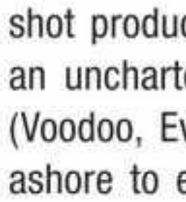
Doing the honors is Darryl Hanah, my dressing room acquaintance, who wears out vibrators quicker than pitchers go through a pouch of Big League Chew. The striking thirtysomething brings a fresh new dimension to the role. Translation: Unlike the bat in the zany TV series, Darryl is eminently "doable."

"No one wants to watch a 60-year-old lady get fucked," she sagely observes. "That's why the producers cast a younger woman. It makes the movie campier."

"And much hotter as well," adds Anthony Rosano. He's playing Gilligan, and the similarity between his shtick and the lanky goofiness of Bob Denver is eerie. "The combination of sex and humor is going to make this flick awesome."

The plot is straight out of the '60s sitcom universe. While filming at sea in the South Pacific, hotshot producer Rob Naughty's yacht washes up on an uncharted desert isle. After he and his actors (Voodoo, Evan Stone and lovely Regan Reese) go ashore to explore, they encounter seven stranded castaways, whom Naughty promptly enlists as erotic talent for his porn masterpiece.

Okay, *This Ain't Gilligan's Island XXX* is an adult-film parody, not an artsy entry at Cannes. Considering that cast members were hired primarily on the basis of penis size or the ability to deftly swallow one, their acting isn't half-bad. Director Anton Slayer summed things up: "I look for three things in my actors. Are they attractive? Can they fuck good? And can they deliver their lines believably?"



Television writer/director M. Allen Nathan, an avid sports enthusiast, is a two-time Emmy Award-winner. He also works as a script doctor on major Hollywood films.

"Wow, 33 years of marriage and you're still full of surprises!"

THIS AIN'T GILLIGAN'S ISLAND XXX!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Parody sung to the theme from *Gilligan's Island.*

Just sit right back and
you'll hear a tale,
a tale of a fateful trip
that started from this
porn set and stars all
these hot chicks.

The mate was a lucky
son of a bitch; the skip-
per hung for sure.

Five passengers set sail
that day for a three-hour
screw, a three-hour
screw.

The action started get-
ting rough, the salads
they were tossed.

If not for the courage of
the fearless film crew,
the footage would be
lost, the footage would
be lost.

The cast gets down and
dirty on this uncharted
desert isle with Gilligan,
the Skipper too, the mil-
lionaire and his wife
(who's hot!),

the movie star (does all),
the professor bones
Mary Ann,
here on Gilligan's
Isle XXX.

So this is the tale of
our porn parody; you'll
be hard for a long,
long time.

It's one of the best we've
done and something
you'll be buying.

The first mate and the
Skipper too, they do
their very best,
to fuck all of the girls
and leave a gooey mess.

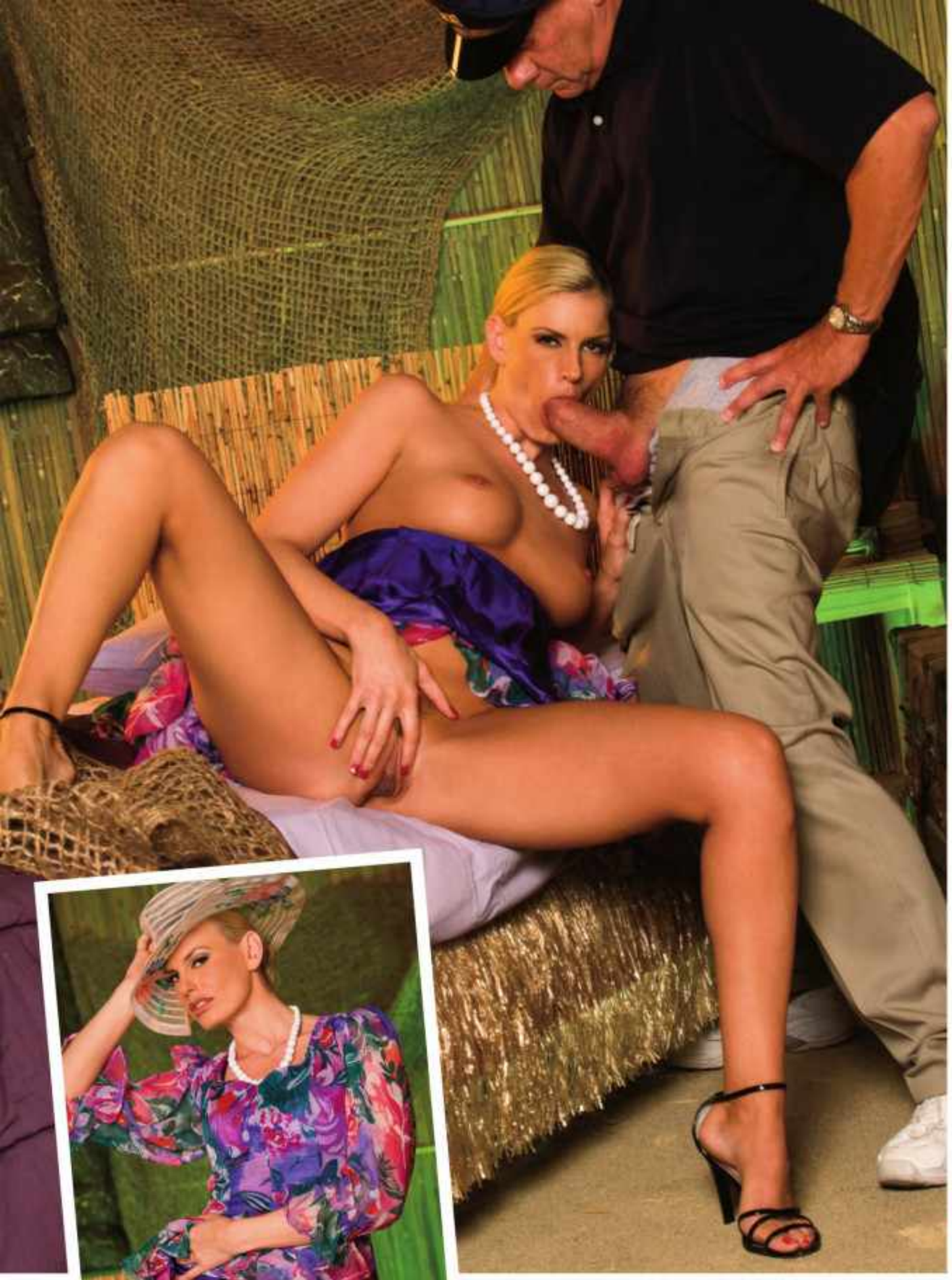
No lube, no lunch, no
condoms, too, not a
single luxury.

Just lots of hard-core
action, as you can
plainly see.

So rush out to your local
store to buy it now;
you're sure to get a smile
from seven screwing
castaways here on
Gilligan's Isle XXX.

MARY ANN

GINGER



THE SKIPPER & MRS. HOWELL

THE PROFESSOR

GILLIGAN, GINGER & MARY ANN

This Ain't Gilligan's Island XXX is available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

RANDI RHODES the Q&A

(continued from page 40) **that your departure coincided with the brouhaha that erupted after you stood onstage and called Hillary Clinton a whore—for selling out. Air America used a videotape of your monologue as cause to put you on suspension.**

A lot of people think I said those things on the air, which really kills me, because I'm a responsible broadcaster. I was doing standup in a nightclub in San Francisco on a Saturday night. I'd say it again, and I will say it again. The whole audience loved it. The place was packed. There were 500 people, and I killed.

This was always about my contract. I had the right to quit at any time as of April 6, 2008. Now, you look at the date that this [video of Rhodes's anti-Clinton diatribe] was released to the public, okay: April 6. I had earned the right on April 6 to leave at any time. Air America always had the right to fire me, but they had to pay out the whole remaining portion of the contract, and there was a whole year left on it. And we had just gotten a new owner—again.

They tried for two weeks to amend my contract to give them the right to terminate me for any reason, like I was some rookie in broadcasting. I said, "You will blow up what is left of Air America."

When I woke up the next morning, [the video] was all over the news. I was cracking up, laughing. The *Wall Street Journal* was the first call I got: "Are you sorry? Do you want to apologize to Hillary?" I said, "You know what I want to apologize for? That ugly brown T-shirt! What was I thinking?"

Then on Fox News I see Geraldine Ferraro, a huge fundraiser for Hillary, then on the payroll, and she's calling for me to be fired. I went, *Omigod, I get what's going on.* As smart as I am, I didn't get it until I saw Geraldine Ferraro. But I couldn't believe that Air America was that stupid, that they were going to commit suicide for Hillary Clinton. But it looks like they did. There's nothing left of Air America.

At that point I don't know if I've been fired, and am I free to go? My lawyer says, "Yes, you have been terminated. There was a definite suspension." Clear Channel—who I had a side deal with to distribute the show library—called me and said, "You've been terminated. We got our press release today saying that you've been indefinitely suspended."

And as a result of throwing you under the bus, Air America derailed itself and lost its own affiliates.

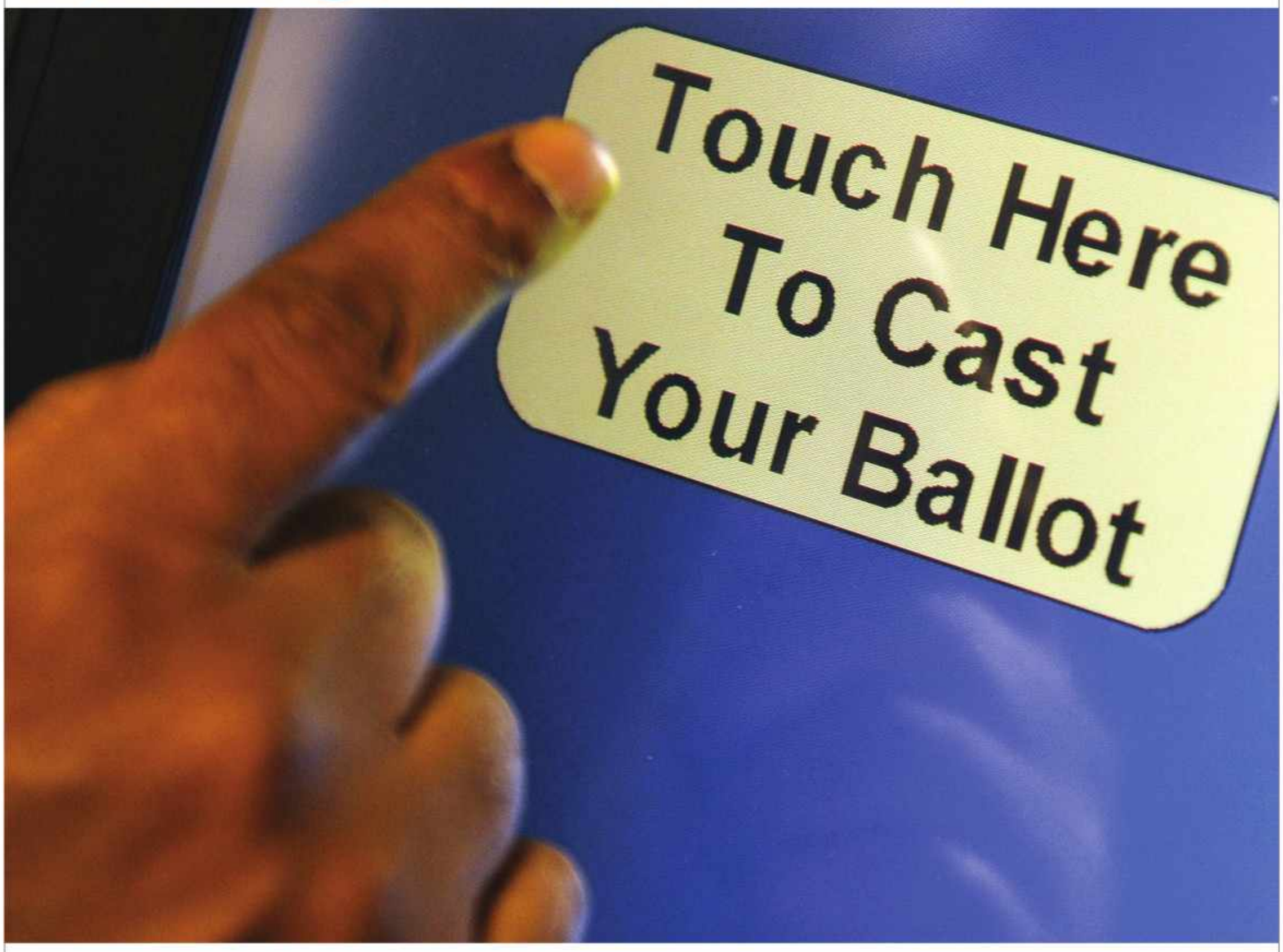
When I realized that 30, 40 affiliates had called me, I said to myself, *I've got to get my butt down to Florida. I have a Clear Channel station there, and they'll take me in.* The station e-mailed me, the best e-mail I ever got in radio. It said, "Honey, come home." So the show went on the air that Monday. I lost New York, but it was a shit station anyway. I didn't think I would get L.A. either, but they said to me, "We want *you*, not the money." They were so great to me. I won the game, and I wasn't even trying to play it.

THEY FORCE ME OUT AS C.E.O., AND THEN TO TOP IT OFF, THE CHEAP BASTARDS ONLY GIVE ME 132 MILLION IN STOCK AND SEVERANCE COMPENSATION! HOW IS A MAN SUPPOSED TO LIVE ON THAT?!
WHAT AN ASSHOLE!
J. Billette

WHY JESSE JACKSON WAS CRYING AT BARACK OBAMA'S ACCEPTANCE SPEECH.
Change
We ♥ OB
Oh shit! He's gonna have the Secret Service cut MY nuts off!
OBAMA
Mulady

BY BOB FITRAKIS & HARVEY WASSERMAN

DEMOCRACY REGAINED FOR NOW



HOW THE ELECTION PROTECTION MOVEMENT **WON THE WHITE HOUSE FOR OBAMA**—AND HAD BETTER BE VIGILANT AGAIN IN 2012

Attorney Bob Fitrakis and plaintiff Harvey Wasserman have spearheaded the investigation and federal civil rights lawsuit involving election irregularities in Columbus, Ohio's King-Lincoln Bronzeville neighborhood in 2004. Both men are part of a thousands-strong grassroots movement of unpaid activists and litigators dedicated to uncovering the GOP's subversion of our voting process.

MONTHS AFTER IT HAPPENED the bloviators and punditocracy are still yapping about the "great triumph of democracy" that put Barack Obama in the White House. They're still crafting their sound bites to fill the history-books-in-waiting with high-flying nuggets about an end to racism and the genius of the first tall, skinny President since Lincoln.

PHOTOS BY GETTY IMAGES

Yes, the record books show that on November 4, 2008, the Democrats took back the White House by a staggering 7 million-plus ballots, carrying more than 360 Electoral College votes.

But what they studiously ignore is that Barack Obama got into the Oval Office thanks to just one group of Americans—the election protection activists. These volunteers prevented Karl Rove from stealing yet another election, like he did when Al Gore rolled over for him in 2000, as did John Kerry in 2004.

Think Rove didn't try in '08? Think the Republicans didn't almost pull it off? Think Dick Cheney wouldn't have put tanks in the streets if he could have engineered the vote count a little more to his liking?

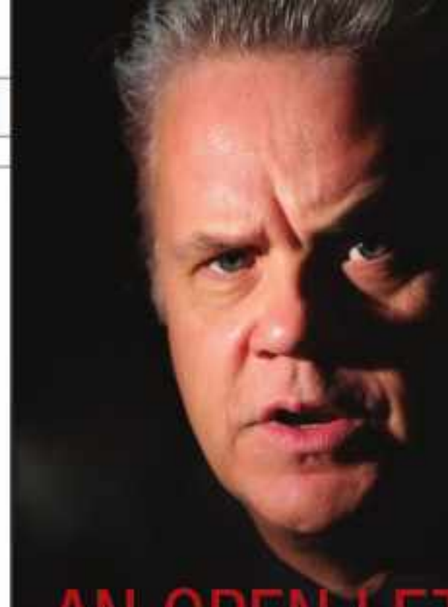
Ask Virginia Methaney and Calvin Thomas of Jackson County, West Virginia. They both came early to vote for Barack Obama. But when they pushed his name on an electronic touch screen, they saw John McCain's name light up. The same happened with innumerable other electronic ballots in West Virginia and elsewhere around the U.S.

Ask actor Tim Robbins, who's been voting in the same Manhattan precinct for 15 years. When he was about to cast his ballot, Robbins found he had been removed from the registration rolls and had to get a federal judge to issue an injunction that allowed him to vote. (See his "Open Letter to the New York City Board of Elections" at right.)

Ask Chicagoan Oprah Winfrey, who found her own vote messed with even in the Democratic stronghold of Obama's windy home base.

More to the point: Ask the 800,000 (that's NOT a typo) Ohioans the Republicans tried to disenfranchise in a desperate attempt to stave off the Obama victory. This would have been a reprise of their successful election theft of 2004, when 308,000 voters (mostly Democratic) were stripped of their right to vote prior to the election, with an additional 170,000 residents of Franklin County dumped off the rolls in Columbus soon thereafter. It's not known how many of these disenfranchised voters ever were able to reestablish their names on the voting rolls.

Suffice it to say that if the GOP had succeeded this time in ridding the registration lists of four-fifths of a million mostly Democratic voters, John McCain would have carried Ohio by some 50,000 votes instead of losing it by more *(continued on page 80)*



Tim Robbins Nails a "Petty, Vindictive, Corrupt Scumbag."

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE COMMISSIONER OF THE NEW YORK CITY BOARD OF ELECTIONS

Actor, writer, producer and activist Tim Robbins got a surprise when he entered his polling place last November: His name was missing from the voting rolls. Never mind that the recognizable star of *Bull Durham*, *The Player* and *Mystic River* had voted there for years, or that he'd cast his ballot at that same location just two months previously in New York's primary election. As far as the official record was concerned, Robbins didn't exist…and he couldn't cast a vote. The Commissioner of the New York City Board of Elections—attorney Gregory C. Soumas—was decidedly unhelpful, so Robbins raised legal hell by obtaining a court order that allowed him to vote on Election Day. In apparent retaliation, Commissioner Soumas issued a press release that misstated the facts while disclosing Robbins's personal information.

"If it hadn't been for shenanigans like this, Obama's margin would have been much, much higher," bristled Robbins, who wrote the following on November 17, 2008.

Dear Mr. Soumas:

I would like to publicly apologize for being such a dim-witted dilettante on Election Day. I was under the naive assumption that I could vote where I voted in the last two elections. Your thoughtful letter pointed out that if I had voted in the recent primary election in September [2008], I would have discovered that I was no longer registered in the polling place I have voted in since 2004.

Considering your position at the Board of Elections and your deep respect for the democratic process, I must assume that my local 14th Street poll worker Betty J. Williamson's assertion that my name was on the active voter rolls for the primary in September of this year was erroneous and that she must be as confused and wrongheaded as I am. If Ms. Williamson saw my name in the book in September, that would mean that you are lying. Certainly you wouldn't lie about a thing like that. That is unbecoming of a man of your bureaucratic stature. And why would anyone in the Board of Elections be eliminating legitimate voters from the rolls in late September and October of 2008?

That's just crazy and undemocratic.

I should also apologize for the misguided actions of Justice Paul G. Feinman in issuing a court order on Election Day allowing me to vote on 14th Street. He apparently thought that a printed-out record from your own Board of Elections computer verifying my polling place as 14th Street was justification for issuing the court order. If he had only thought to contact you, you could have helped him understand the logic and wisdom of eliminating my name from the book on 14th Street, where I have always voted, and leaving my name registered at a place I have never voted.

I must also thank you for sending your letter not to me but to all the major newspapers in the New York area and across the Internet. I understand it was your way of clearing up this matter, and for that I am grateful. I am particularly appreciative of your sending a copy of my voter registration card with my home address and driver's license number to all the newspapers and, by extension, to millions across the Internet.

What celebrity dilettante wouldn't want his private information made public? What kind of snob gets angry that his family's safety might be compromised? It comes with the territory, right? I was thinking of returning that favor by publishing your home address in this letter, but then I thought that maybe one of the thousands of New Yorkers that were taken off the voter rolls in the last two months might not understand what a patriotic, upstanding man you are and might show up at your doorstep with the misguided assumption that you are a petty, vindictive, corrupt scumbag.

[signed] Tim Robbins
New Yorker since 1961
Voter since 1976

P.S. If anyone reading this letter had a similar experience on Election Day, it can and should be reported at **866OurVote.org**.

(continued from page 79) than 200,000.

Let's take a look at the voter tallies in Governor Palin's home state. Despite her presence atop the ballot, and despite the hottest Senate and House races in recent Alaska history, the official vote count in the I-can-see-Russia-from-my-front-door state was DOWN more than 10% from 2004. Democrats who were clear favorites in all major polls either lost or found themselves in tense recounts.

How could FEWER Alaskans than in 2004 have come out to vote when the race included their governor as the Republican Vice Presidential candidate? And why wouldn't there be an increased turnout, given the anger toward geezerly Republican Senator Ted Stevens, just convicted on seven felonies, and the every-bit-as-corrupt Congressman Don Young?

During their respective campaigns, Stevens and Young were opposed by popular Democrats with established grassroots followings. But both incumbents found their reelection prospects greatly enhanced by an apparent disappearance of Democratic voters. When all was said and done, Stevens and Young somehow eked out improbably close tallies at Alaska's GOP-controlled boards of elections. (After a recount, Stevens ultimately ended up losing his Senate seat to Anchorage Mayor Mark Begich.)

As we dig out from the foul stench of despotic George W. Bush's eight-year drunken spree, none of the heavy hitters in the corporate media or Democratic Party want to hear about stolen elections or the possibility of their happening again. The last thing they want to hear is what they've denied happened in 2000 and 2004, very nearly occurred again in 2008 and could be a real possibility in 2012 if, say, Caribou Barbie or Jeb the Youngest heads the GOP ticket.

Here are a few doses of reality:

For starters, despite a whole world that was watching, hundreds of thousands of registered voters were eliminated in swing states viewed as essential to an Obama victory. The twin towers of election theft were the elimination of millions of Democrat-leaning voters on the slightest pretext and the electronic manipulation of the vote count. In addition to Ohio, the vote counts in Pennsylvania, Florida, Colorado and numerous other swing states won by the Democrats in 2008 could easily have been carried—along with the overall election—by team Rove-McCain-Palin. (continued on page 108)

WHY DID KARL ROVE BACK DOWN?

A PREDICTION OF AN OBAMA VICTORY INDICATES THAT ELECTRONIC ELECTION THEFT WAS STYMIED AT THE LAST MINUTE.

Just prior to Barack Obama's 2008 landslide, Karl Rove stunned the nation by predicting his then-current employer, John McCain, would go down in flames. Not much earlier, the GOP election-theft guru had said McCain would carry the key swing states that would give him the White House. What happened?

The answer may be a court ruling that forced a shadowy information technology specialist to testify under oath just 20 hours before the final vote. Trying to get to the bottom of what happened in 2004, the King-Lincoln Bronzeville Neighborhood Association had filed a civil rights suit, and its lawyers wanted to hear what one Michael Connell had to say. Connell had previously programmed Web sites for Bush/Cheney 2000, Florida Governor Jeb Bush, Florida Secretary of State Katherine Harris, Ohio Secretary of State J. Kenneth Blackwell and other key Republicans.

A proud Bush Family loyalist, Connell and his company SmarTech were focal points at the center of the late-night Ohio 2004 vote count that mysteriously transformed a clear John Kerry victory into the 20 electoral votes that put George W. Bush in the White House for a catastrophic second term. The facts are plain: At midnight on November 3, 2004—hours after the polls closed on Election Day—Kerry led Bush by 1,200 votes and was ahead 4% in exit polls. Ohio Secretary of State Blackwell ordered the votes electronically sent to SmarTech headquarters in Chattanooga, Tennessee. By the following morning, Bush miraculously pulled ahead in Ohio, thus winning the election.

Were votes stolen by a "man in the middle"? There is no proof, and possibly never will be. IT experts say that Connell's programming in 2004 could well have included a "Trojan horse"—hidden software that gives backdoor access to a computer—for use in a future election, such as the 2008 Presidential run.

As an expert witness for the plaintiffs in the King-Lincoln Bronzeville case, Stephen Spoonamore wrote in a sworn affidavit: "The only purpose I can conceive for sending all county vote tabulations to a GOP-managed man-in-the-middle site in Chattanooga before sending the results onward to the Secretary of State would be to hack the vote."

Spoonamore (a Republican no less) also stated that Connell's IT design targeted 20 points of vulnerability that could have led to easy manipulation of the vote count.

IT specialists worried that, given a full head of steam, Connell's keystroke magic might have given the GOP yet another shot at stealing the White House in '08, as Rove originally predicted.

Rove's retreat might be explained by polls indicating huge theft-proof majorities about to be racked up by Team Obama. But there is another possible explanation: The court ruling that forced Connell to testify meant that Rove and company would be unable to use him to steal the 2008 vote count.

High-powered GOP lawyers had fiercely resisted all attempts to make Connell testify about what he did for Blackwell in 2004 as chief programmer of the Ohio vote count.

Nevertheless, under oath, Connell admitted that, having helped coordinate the work of GOP-related firms like SmarTech and GovTech Solutions, he was also responsible for bringing the GOP-dominated Triad computer company into the mix for the Ohio 2004 vote count.

Were the Republicans poised to do it again in 2008? Note that Rove's tune changed just as a federal judge ordered Connell to testify in the King-Lincoln Bronzeville case. With his chief covert weapon neutralized, the GOP mastermind reversed field and caved to what he recognized was an inevitable Obama victory. Whether Rove himself will eventually be forced to tell us all about it in a federal courtroom remains to be seen.

—Bob Fitrakis & Harvey Wasserman

Tails of the Bunny Ranch

Geezer's Buzzing Teacup

A senior citizen tries a young hooker and her patience.

Since 1955 the Moonlite BunnyRanch has been servicing horndogs 24/7, 365 days a year. Under flamboyant owner Dennis Hof, the Carson City, Nevada, legal bordello has become internationally famous for its willing women and wild times.

Okay, once I had this really old man. Usually I can get a guy off in about ten minutes, but this guy? It took almost forever because he was so slow and so old.

Anyway, when I first met him, he said he didn't want to book that day and that he'd drop by the next day. Then he called in the next day and set things up for the day after that only to keep postponing his party for an entire week.

Right in the middle of an awesome party with a real stud, I was told that the geezer had arrived and wanted to see me. I was also told, once my younger customer's time was up, to act like I'd been asleep, because he was very specific that he didn't want me if I had been with somebody else. I mean, come on! Where did he think he was? The high school prom? But it was his money, and I'm always ready to play along with a gentleman's fantasy or request.

Pretending to be sleepy, I walked into the parlor, and the fuddy-duddy and I negotiated a price for what's called an "out date." That's when a customer takes one of the girls into town for a breakfast, lunch or dinner date. He still has to pay for her time and all, but a lot of guys like to do that.

After the old man and I had a nice meal at my favorite Carson City restaurant, he drove me back to the BunnyRanch. I booked him for another hour, and that's when the hard work began.

We both undressed, and as the man lay faceup on my bed, I started rubbing and squeezing his noodle. I was concentrating, and all of a sudden I heard something, but it wasn't the kind of noise a guy normally made in my quarters. In this business you kind of get used to a lot of weird stuff, so I didn't pay too much attention to it at first. Plus, no matter what I was doing to this old fart, I just couldn't seem to get a rise out of him...if you know what I mean.

I was getting frustrated, and it's not like I don't know what I'm doing. It just was not happening with this gentleman no matter what I did. In the meantime he continued to make this weird noise.

I looked up and noticed he was sound asleep. The noise? The naked old man on my bed was snoring!

I shook him, and he snapped to, telling me that he sometimes can't stay awake and that it wasn't my fault. Duh, no kidding.

Anyway, he said he had "an idea." Well, it was more than an idea. He reached into his jacket and pulled out this odd-looking device. It sort of looked like a teacup with straps and handles on it, and he wanted me to help put it on his unit. It must have been some kind of antique sex device. I had no idea what I was doing, but he gave me instructions. I eventually strapped it on, and in the middle of this awkward little dance the coot slowly but surely started getting a little harder.

He was almost there when the phone rang. His time was up, and he'd either have to leave pronto or rebook. So close.

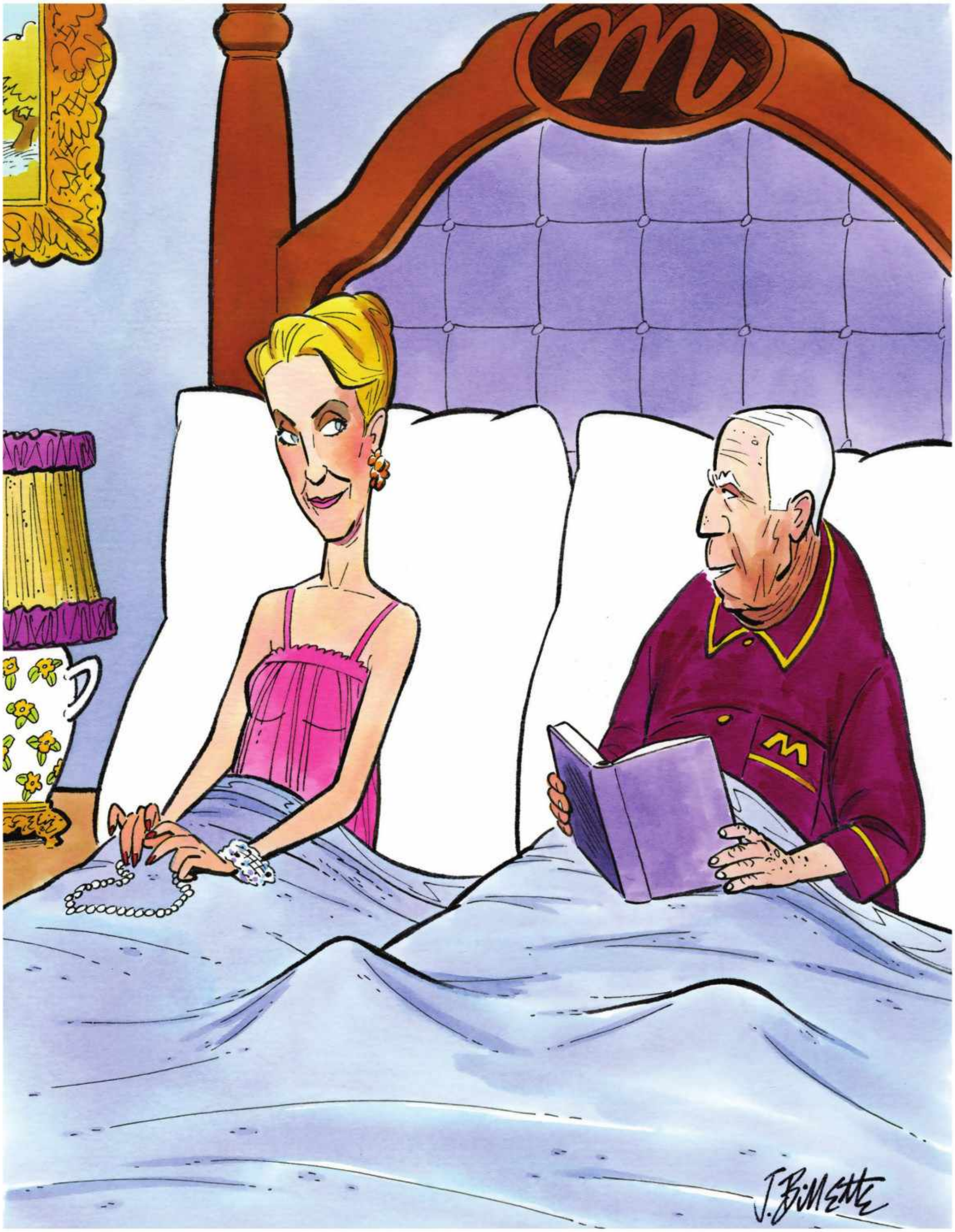
If I stopped, I'd have to start all over again and have to go through all of this stuff again...and I didn't want to have to do that. I've never wanted to turn down a rebooking, but what are you going to do?

I just wondered how long he'd had that, uh, device of his. It must have had dust from the Eisenhower era. I kept working this guy, and every time I'd have him ready to go, the phone would ring. I swear I was with him for almost five hours, the longest party in my life, but he left happy. And me? Let's just say I was happy it was over! ***—Sunny Lane***

XXX goddess Sunny Lane returns in a sizzling nude pictorial in our June issue.

To meet the girls yourself, visit **BunnyRanch.com** or call (toll-free) 888-BUNNYRANCH.

THE STARS OF HBO'S *CATHOUSE* RECOUNT THEIR MOST MEMORABLE SEXPLOITS.



"Cindy, I think we should try to get our minds off the defeat.
How 'bout we go out tomorrow and buy several more houses?!"

COUGARS UNLEASHED #3:

Nicole

BY ERICKA RACHELLE

THIS MONTH: Nicole Scott / AGE: 38 / LOCATION: Missouri

This is a column dedicated to the proposition that women do not achieve their full sexual power and beauty until they are well into their 30s and beyond.

The age a woman discovers her feminine power can vary. Nicole Scott's epiphany came on the heels of an intimate romance that began when she was almost 30. The results of that life-altering experience? True sexual confidence, grace and poise. Toss in a finely sculpted body, youthful countenance and piercing, blue-green eyes, and you have a creature any man (or woman, for that matter), young or old, would find hard to resist.

Nicole exudes an allure and raw sensuality that can only come with maturity. "Great sex is vital for me," says Nicole in her sexy Ozarks twang. "But I prefer to hunt, rather than be the hunted. I'm looking for someone to both teach me *and* make me purr."

By no means is Nicole's tiny hometown big enough to accommodate the successful IT consultant's voracious appetite. Thanks to her job, the sexy Show-Me Stater gets to travel all over the country, allowing her on numerous occasions to mix business with pleasure as she seeks out new erotic adventures.

"One of my favorite moves is to send a man a drink at a bar," Nicole reveals. "It completely throws him off. It lets him know upfront that I'm interested and not afraid of going after what I want."

A self-proclaimed late bloomer, Nicole admits she favors an assortment of lovers over conventional monogamy. "I'm always on the lookout for a partner who can keep up with me sexually," Nicole confides. "Some nights it takes more than one. I keep thinking I might slow down as I get older, but with each birthday that passes, the sex gets better and better, and I want more and more."

We do too. A full-length pictorial of Nicole in her birthday suit is on tap in next month's HUSTLER!

If you are interested in being featured in our Cougars Unleashed column please submit photos and a short bio via e-mail to hustler@lfp.com.

PHOTOS BY JOSE LUIS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Fun to Play With

DOMINNO

I'm a giver who likes to deliver," jokes the dazzling bombshell known only as **Dominno**. "I know how to please a man six ways to Sunday. I'm open and into every sex position and practice there is. I use every part of my body to get a guy off. Maybe that's why I have never had a man break up with me. I'm always the one who grows tired of a relationship and needs to move on. I'm sort of a heartbreaker."

One look at this top-heavy Czech and we had to ask the obvious question. “Are they real?!” **Dominno** huffs. “What do *you* think? Yes, my breasts are 100% real and are probably my best feature. They attract the right (and sometimes wrong) men right away. The only problem I have with my massive boobs is sometimes a lover gets so caught up playing with them that he forgets to properly finger my pussy. I can’t have that.”

Dominno is truly an unforgettable babe—and not just as a brand-new professional model. "I'd never done a nude layout before," the busty babe declares, "but by no means is it the first time I've showed off my bare body in front of a camera. I love posing nude, and almost every ex-boyfriend of mine has naked pictures and maybe a sex tape or two of me. I really don't mind that stuff being out there. After all, it gives them something to remember me by."

DOMINNO'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Teplice, Czech Republic | AGE: 22 | BIRTH SIGN: Aries | HEIGHT: 5-4 | WEIGHT: 117

Come Play
With Me! xoxo, Dom

HUSTLER®

HONEY

APRIL 2009

ino

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CALLER MUST BE 18 YEARS OLD OR OVER. COST $3.99/MINUTE.

While on a business trip to Los Angeles, Billy Joe walked into an escort service and gave the woman in charge $600. "I want the ugliest, skankiest, foulest, fattest, meanest bitch you've got!" the hick demanded.

The flummoxed madam looked at the man and remarked, "Sir, for $600 you can have the sexiest, prettiest girl we've got!"

"I ain't horny, ma'am," Billy Joe drawled. "I'm homesick!"

Becky sat sobbing in the police station. "I was raped by a Republican," the young hottie wailed to anyone who would listen.

"How do know the attacker was a Republican?" a sympathetic cop asked.

"Because I had to help the dumb son of a bitch!" Becky cried.

Question: What's the difference between driving in the fog and eating pussy?

Answer: At least when you eat pussy, you can see the asshole in front of you.

Klutzy Ed went to a dinner party at his boss's house and got totally shit-faced. After making a trip to the can, he stumbled up to the fogey and complimented him on the green toilet paper that yelled "Fuck you!" when you used it.

"I don't have toilet paper like that," the annoyed boss snorted.

"Aw, shit!" Ed slurred. "Then I just wiped my ass with your parrot!"

Question: How do you know when you're the ugliest person on the planet?

Answer: Dogs hump your leg with their eyes closed.

Miss Clark was giving her first-graders a taste test using a bowl of Life Savers. The pupils took turns pulling one out, and they all correctly matched a color and flavor: Red was cherry, yellow was lemon, and so forth.

The last Life Saver was honey-flavored, and the kids were stumped. Not wanting to zap their spirits, Miss Clark gave them a clue: "It's what your mother may sometimes call your father."

Suddenly, little Marybeth looked up in horror, spit out her Life Saver and yelled, "Omigod, they're assholes!"

During a night out drinking, Jake picked up an incredibly fat slut and went to her place for some porking. Pumping away on top of the blob, Jake stopped in mid-stroke and asked if he could turn off the ceiling light.

"Why, baby?" the ton-of-fun bimbo cooed. "You feelin' a little shy?"

"Fuck no, bitch!" Jake howled. "It's burnin' my ass!"

Chowing down some fried chicken at a fast-food joint, an old lady started choking. Observing the tense situation, two patrons jumped into action. Leroy undid his coveralls, dropped his shorts and bent over a table. Jim Bob crouched behind Leroy and commenced to licking his anus.

Upon seeing this, the biddy puked the lodged chicken bone across the eatery and began breathing normally again.

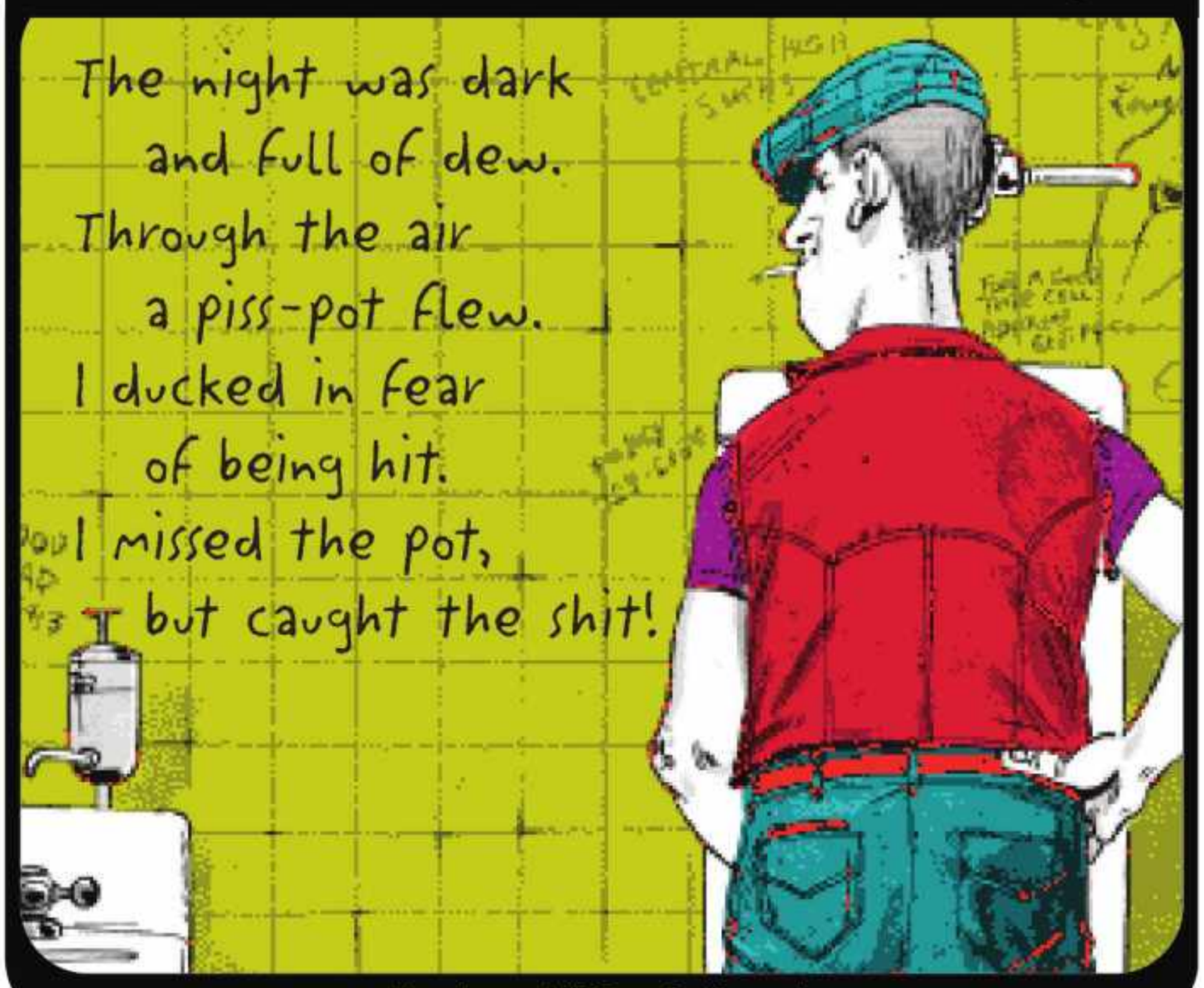
"Hoo-wee!" Jim Bob yelled. "That hind-lick maneuver does the trick every time!"

One day while hubby Clem was at work, Dixie seduced his pal Tom. The rube began pounding away, then suddenly pulled out and rolled off the two-timing tart. "What's wrong?" she asked.

"I feel like the world's biggest scumbag," guilt-ridden Tom muttered, "gettin' some of my best friend's pussy."

"Hey, don't sweat it," Dixie chirped. "You're not gettin' any of Clem's pussy. His pussy is five inches deeper!"

GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and $50 go to Roger L.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH

I can't believe they elected a nigger over the old guy and a bitch.

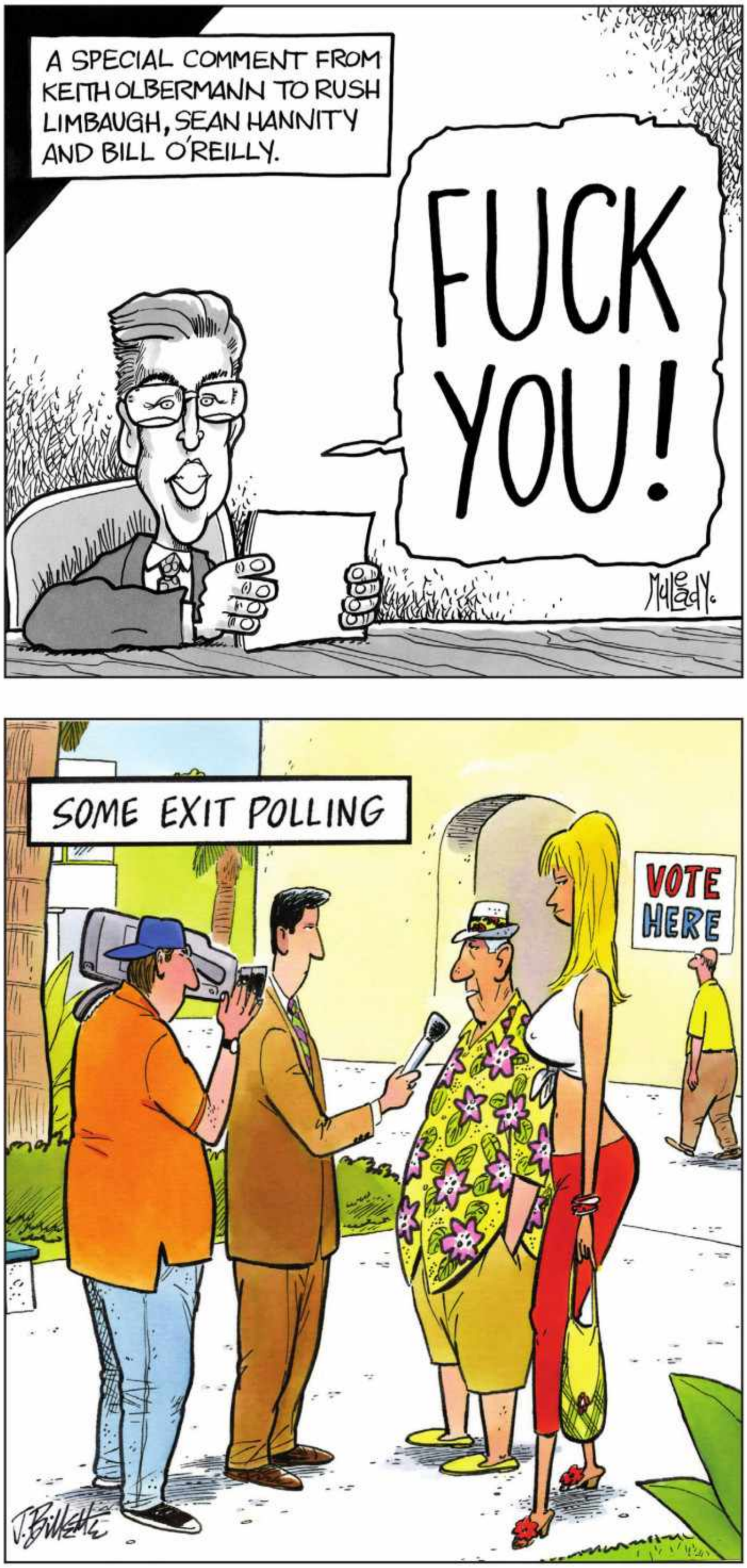
THE OLD GUY AND A BITCH!

hic

Bee

PORK rinds

MULEADY.


A SPECIAL COMMENT FROM KEITH OLBERMANN TO RUSH LIMBAUGH, SEAN HANNITY AND BILL O'REILLY.
FUCK YOU!
SOME EXIT POLLING
VOTE HERE

"I voted for that colored fella.
Had to...or I wouldn't be getting any pussy
for a looooong time!"

UFOS ARE REAL

(*continued from page 58*) apparition appeared—this dramatically large, very distinctive leading edge with some enormous lights was traveling through the Arizona sky.

"As a pilot and a former Air Force officer, I can definitively say that this craft did not resemble any man-made object I'd ever seen. And it was certainly not high-altitude flares, because flares don't fly in formation.

"The incident was witnessed by hundreds—if not thousands—of people in Arizona, and my office was besieged with phone calls from very concerned Arizonians. The growing hysteria intensified when the story broke nationally. I decided to lighten the mood of the state by calling a press conference, where my chief of staff arrived in an alien costume. We managed to lessen the sense of panic but, at the same time, upset many of my constituents.

"I would now like to set the record straight. I never meant to ridicule anyone. My office did make inquiries as to the origin of the craft, but to this day they remain unanswered."

This governmental refusal to treat the UFO phenomenon seriously may have been a deliberate official attempt to avoid worldwide panic—like the alarm raised by Orson Welles's 1938 *War of the Worlds* radio broadcast, which listeners assumed was describing a genuine Martian invasion. And at least one official report indicates the U.S. government has no faith in its citizens' ability to handle the concept of alien life.

In 1960, NASA commissioned the Brookings Institute to predict the possible effects on human civilization if proof of alien life were discovered. The think tank's findings were not comforting: "Anthropological files contain many examples of societies, sure of their place in the universe, which have disintegrated when they had to associate with previously unfamiliar societies espousing different ideas and different ways of life."

In October 2002 a nationwide poll conducted by the Roper Center for Public Opinion revealed that 72% of Americans believe the government is not disclosing everything it knows about UFOs and that 68% think the government knows more about extraterrestrial life than it is letting on.

So, is the world ready to admit the truth to itself? As Edgar Mitchell pointed out, "We all know that UFOs are real. All we need to ask is where do they come from…and what do they want?"

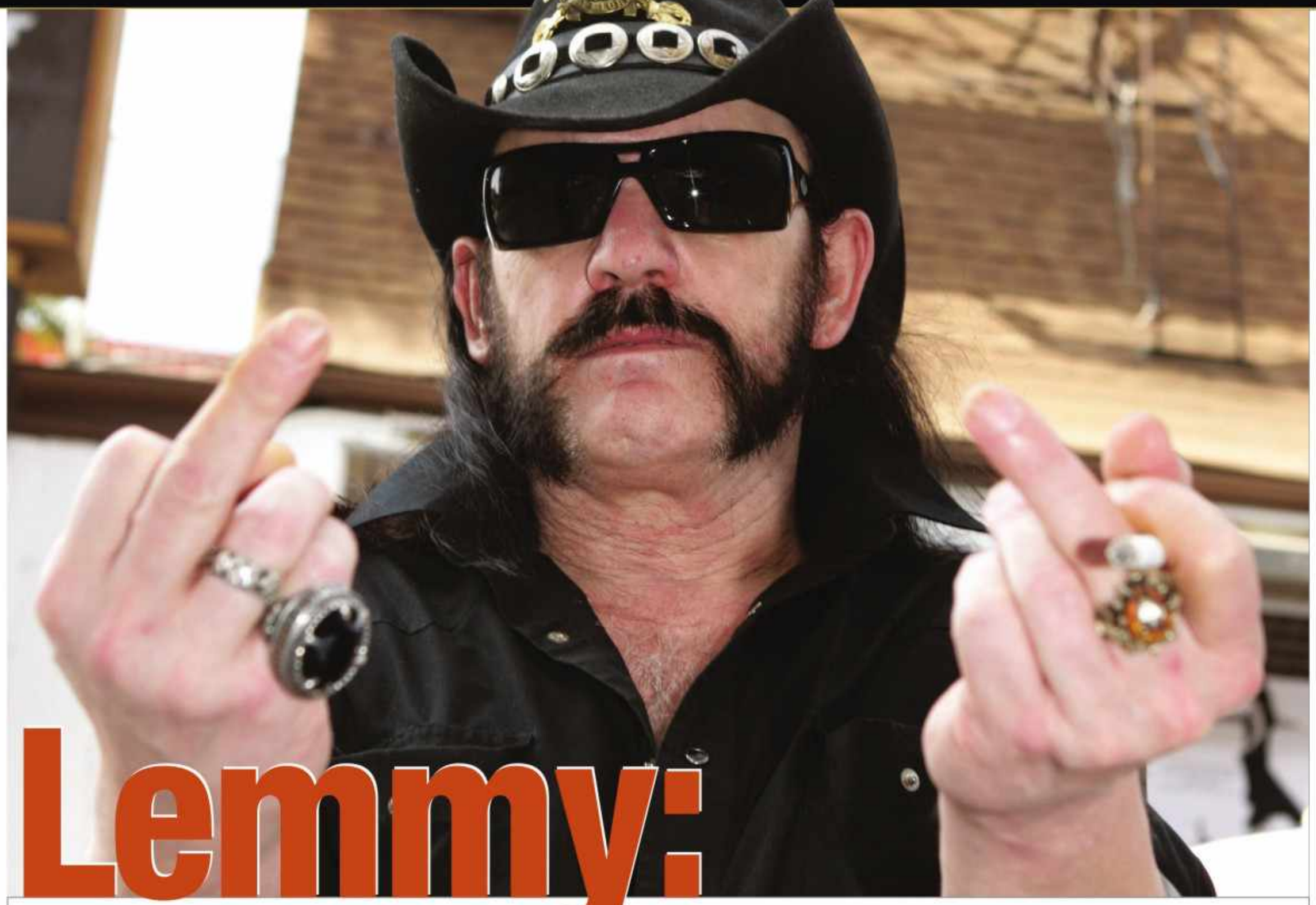
Freelance writer Jeff Thill has been interested in UFOs from his misspent childhood watching "cheesy sci-fi movies." After growing up and talking to various credible witnesses, he takes the phenomenon much more seriously.

YOU SEE, DEWAYNE, NOW YOU REALLY CAN GROW UP TO BE PRESIDENT!

BARACK WILL ONLY PULL DOWN 400K A YEAR. SHIT, MOMMA, I COULD DO THAT IN TWO MONTHS SELLIN' SMACK AND PUSSY!

OBAMA WINS!

J. BILLINGTON



Lemmy:

"Don't Die Ashamed"

Rock god returns louder and harder than ever.

There is no louder band on the planet than Motörhead. Led by gravelly voiced singer Lemmy Kilmister, the venerable group has been kicking ass and taking names since 1975. Along the way they've shattered thousands of eardrums during high-decibel live shows and delivered dozens of albums. To mark the release of their latest, *Motörizer*—the first Motörhead release to ever show up on Billboard charts—the living legend Lemmy agreed to meet up with us at his home away from home, L.A.'s Rainbow Bar & Grill on the Sunset Strip.

HUSTLER: To steal a line from the movie *Airheads*, who would win in a fight, Lemmy or God?

LEMMY: I dunno. If I believed in God, I could tell you. I'm an agnostic, so we'll have to wait and see.

People say Lemmy lives, breathes and eats rock 'n' roll. What does rock 'n' roll taste like?

It tastes hot—if you're doing it right. (*Laughs.*)

Since you don't strike us a sun worshiper, why did you move to L.A.?

I used to spend a lot of time basking in the sun when I first came over here. I became a fucking sun addict. We don't get it in England. Here you have all these palm trees and everything. I was like a fucking Pakistani, I got so dark. I was in the sun all the time. I've got diabetes now, so it's bad for me to be in the sun.

How was your recent tour with Judas Priest and Heaven & Hell (Dio-Era Black Sabbath)?

It was great. We've known each other for years, all of us, so it was easy enough. It was sort of old-fashioned, with everybody walking in and out of each other's dressing rooms. No class distinctions. It's the same with Mötley Crüe. When you tour with an old, established band, and you're an old band yourself, it's a lot easier than being on the road with these new upstarts.

So there was a real camaraderie?

Sure. That's the way it used to be. It was us versus the local police. Nowadays, a cop suddenly shows up, and everyone wants to be a policeman. I think it's kind of unfortunate in a way.

Are any of your live shows exceptionally memorable, or are they all the same?

Some shows you remember, but not for the reasons you think. Something shifts and stays in your mind. You don't plan on remembering that gig; you just do. It's like a postcard. You weren't expecting it, but now that it's here, you'll read it.

What was your worst gig ever?

There have been a few, but it's mostly to do with the sound system, really, because we can play all right. We've been practicing for 34 years. We should be able to play by now. (*Laughs.*) Some days nothing goes right. There have been a few of them on all continents at all levels.

What kind of music do you listen to?

I don't listen to a lot. I listen to ZZ Top, Dave Edmunds, Evanescence. I like them. They're great.

What do you remember from your pre-Motörhead roadie days?

I was a roadie for [Jimi] Hendrix. What do I remember? Not much. We were all on acid back then. You know what they say: "If you can remem-

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

ber the '60s, you weren't there."

Legend has it that as a roadie you discovered speed and that the drug inspired you to become a rocker.

I discovered speed way before that. Rock 'n' roll inspired me to play rock 'n' roll. Speed just inspired me to play when I was nackered [tired] and couldn't get onstage. For instance, in 1979 we did a tour with Saxon in England—53 gigs in 56 days. I don't care who the fuck you are, you can't drink fucking tea and energy drinks, which weren't around then anyway. It just doesn't work.

Do you pay attention to chart position or album sales?

No. We release an album when we like it. If you don't like it, that's really tough; and if you do like it, then that's really great.

Are you surprised that *Motörizer* charted higher and sold quicker than any other Motörhead album?

First time we were ever in the top 100. It was a bonus. I think it's become fashionable to like Motörhead again. It comes around every five years. (*Laughs.*)

Do you read HUSTLER Magazine?

Yeah. I think it's pretty good. I think Larry Flynt is a pretty smart guy. I like those editorials he writes. They're never gonna take any notice of it because he's a crippled pornographer. Two strikes. It's a shame too, because people should read him.

Does Motörhead still attract lots of groupies?

They're not as many of them. It's an accumulation of two things: The times have changed, and we are all working for the security firms that run the venues. It's easier for them to have less people backstage. Plus, there's the fact that we're getting older and uglier.

The trailer says the upcoming Motörhead documentary will clear up all rumors about you. What rumors?

It will probably give rise to a few new ones. I've been dead twice. They actually printed my obituary. (*Laughs.*)

What is the biggest misconception about Motörhead?

That we're dumb. People like to think we're stupid, because then it makes it easy to dismiss us. We're not stupid. I wouldn't have been around for all these fucking years if I were stupid.

How do you relax when you're not on the road or in the studio?

Relax? What do you want to relax for?! That's when they catch up to you. Relaxing is really bad for you, man. You shouldn't relax. You should always be tense. That's when you can see them coming.

What do you think of rock stars like Ozzy Osbourne and Gene Simmons doing reality TV shows?

I think if people offer them a lot of money, then why not go for it? Good luck. That's not a thing I'd do. Then again, I live on my own. It would be a boring reality show around my house. Just me watching TV all day.

How cool is it that fans can now buy a seven-inch Lemmy action figure?

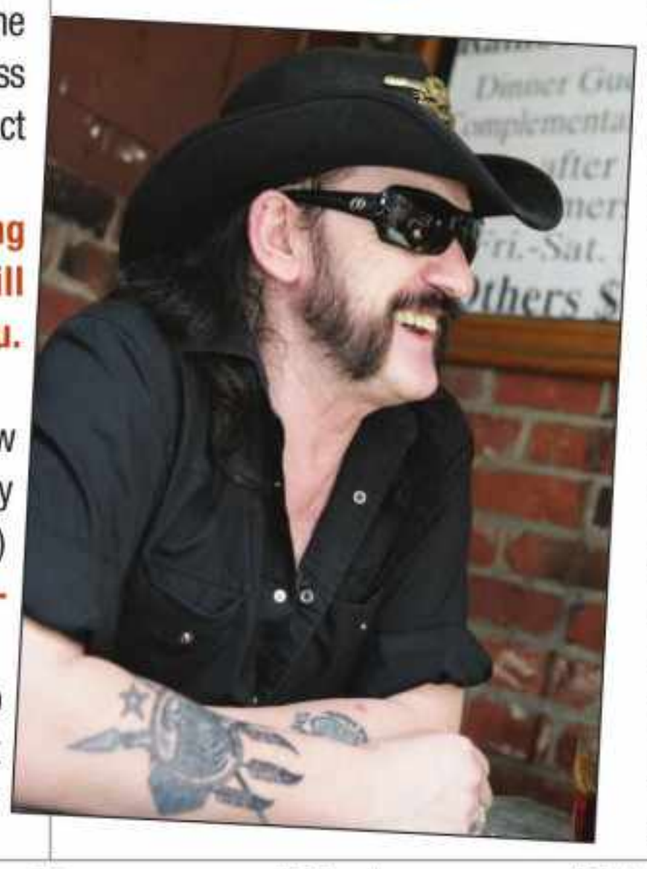
I said to the guy who made them, "Are you gonna put a dick on it?" He said, "No." I said, "Then it's not going to get much fucking action, is it? Not very lifelike." There are three different ones, two different guitars, and there is a silver one as well. I look like a fucking Oscar.

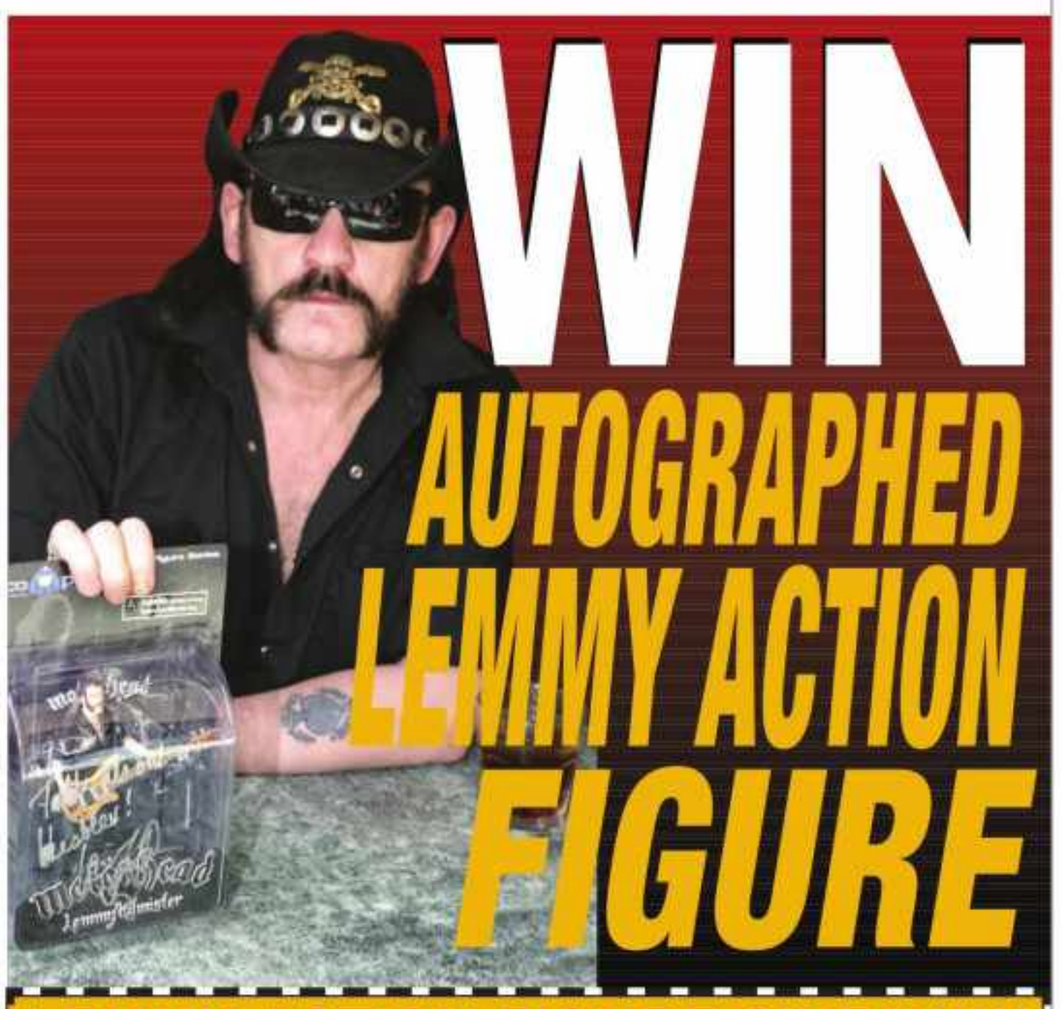
How do you Motörize a woman?

Buy her a nice bottle of wine. Compliment her on her clothing—then remove it.

What is your motto?

One of the oldest ones. It's really kind of boring to hear, but it's very true: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." That's the best rule of life ever. Or: "Don't die ashamed." You're going to die; just don't die ashamed. ■





WIN AUTOGRAPHED LEMMY ACTION FIGURE

LEMMY ACTION FIGURE GIVEAWAY
CONTEST ENTRY FORM

WE GOT YOUR 7 INCHES RIGHT HERE! Seven inches of Lemmy, that is! Enter to win a 7-inch autographed Lemmy action figure hand-signed by the living legend himself. Ten runners-up get a Motörhead T-shirt and the new CD! For your chance to win, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to Little Lemmy Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to *Hustler@LFP.com*.

Name (print) _____

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City _____ State _____ ZIP Code _____

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Subscriber (check one) YES☐ NO☐

Who do you think is the hottest girl this month? _____

What kind of articles would you like to see more often in HUSTLER? ☐Sports ☐Rock 'n' Roll ☐Celebrities ☐Porn Star Profiles

Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one) ☐Cartoons ☐Articles ☐Video Reviews ☐Bits & Pieces ☐Music Section ☐Celebrity Section ☐Other: _____

Do you have a computer? YES☐ NO☐

Do you have Internet access? YES☐ NO☐

☐Yes, I'd like to receive special HUSTLER offers at my e-mail address.

RULES: No purchase necessary. Limit one entry per household. Must be 18 or older to enter. This form, a copy thereof or postcard containing required information and signature must be mailed and received at HUSTLER by April 10, 2009. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. Winner will be chosen by random drawing. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestant's name, likeness and image, and that the name of the winner will be disclosed or made available. All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the actual number of eligible entries received prior to deadline. The sponsor will contact the winner and ship the winner his/her prize at no cost to the winner. Sponsor will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winner. The drawing is open to anyone over 18 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household. Offer limited to residents of the continental United States.

To buy Motörhead stuff, go to: **LemmyFigure.com** and **Blastwaves.com/Motorhead/19.store**.

The Dirty Dozen

TWELVE NEW DISCS YOU NEED

BRING ME THE HORIZON
Suicide Season

This bloody-good effort from England's latest export rocks fucking harder than anything we've heard in years. Fast, punchy, decibel-splitting, well-crafted speed metal packed with a pop sensibility awaits you on this great new CD.

LORDI
Deadache

It would be easy to dismiss this Finnish gore metal band as a GWAR ripoff. They combine the same horror movie theatrics with hard, punishing sounds that made their predecessor famous. The only difference is the brilliance in Lordi's supercatchy songwriting.

CHEAP TRICK
Budokan!

They still "want you to want them" some 30 years later. The landmark album that everyone owned back then returns as a deluxe three-CD/one-DVD set. Listening to *Budokan!* once again reminds you why Cheap Trick remain perhaps America's greatest live rock 'n' roll band of all time.

TRIVIUM
Shogun

Are you ready to rock? Scratch that. Are you ready to RAWK?! Critics and metalheads never really seem to see eye to eye on anything. But both are sure to agree that Trivium's third release is easily the group's best effort to date and it *rawks*!!!

THE STREETS
Everything Is Borrowed

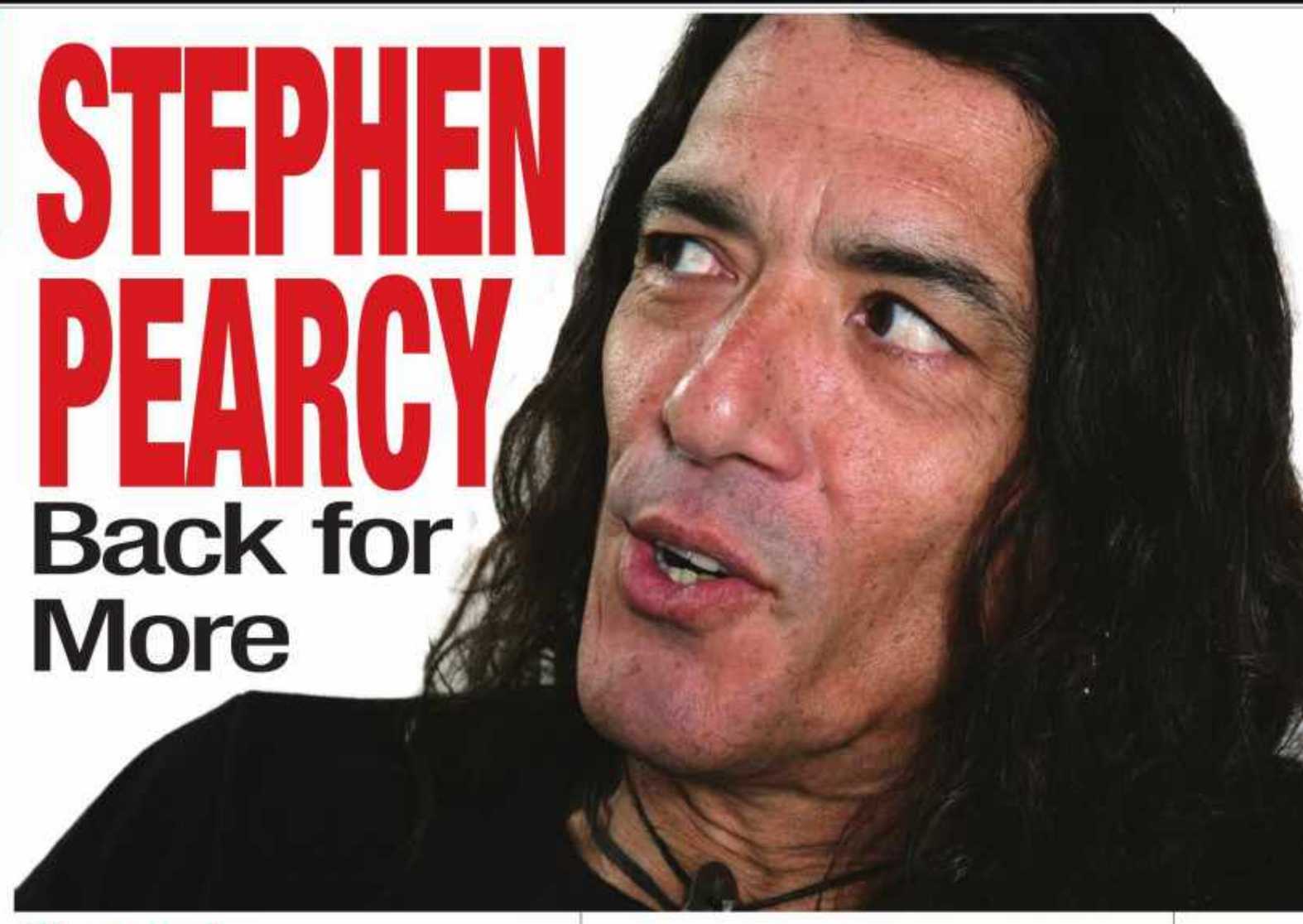
Once considered to be "The British Eminem" or "The Thinking Man's Eminem," the Streets return to form with a heavy dose of clever phrasing, distinctive flow and dope beats.

THE SMITHEREENS
B-Sides the Beatles

New Jersey's favorite sons have never hid their love for the lads from Liverpool. Their previous studio effort was a song-for-song cover of *Meet the Beatles*. The Garden State rockers' latest is a collection of Fab Four B-sides. Need more Smithereens? They've also just released a great live CD and are working on a brand-new studio album.

STEPHEN PEARCY

Back for More



We stepped back into the cellar with the Ratt singer to discuss groupie combos, watching Ozzy shit and his new solo CD, *Under My Skin*.

HUSTLER: Why did you leave Ratt in 1992?

STEPHEN PEARCY: I would have been six feet under with a cement pillow and a dirt blanket if I had stayed. One of our guys [the late guitarist Robbin Crosby] was in turmoil there. I had to get out. So I asked the band to let me take a break because I felt like a potato chip that had been stepped on. I wanted to get out, refresh and then regroup. It wasn't like I quit. They wanted to move on and do these shows without me.

Seven years later, after a lot of legal back and forth, they finally figured out that I was an important part of the band I'd started and the songs I wrote. I never pat myself on the back and always move ahead and go on. It was an expensive lesson, but that happens to all successful bands.

How did you end up rejoining Ratt?

The VH1 [show] *Behind the Music* really fired the interest back up. That wasn't what made us get back together. The band was playing a lot of my songs, and I wanted to stimulate the catalog and get everything going again.

How hard has it been to continue without Robbin Crosby?

It's not the same, and it's never going to be the same, because he was our leader. We called him "The King." He was my right-hand man, and without that you don't get the full picture. Even though we can play the songs, losing Robbin affected us a lot and was part of the end of Ratt the first time. We could have replaced him with Jimmy Page, and there would always be something missing.

Is Ratt still a party band?

Robbin and I created the three Ps back in the day: pussy, party and paycheck. These days it's pretty much just the paycheck. (*Laughs.*)

Tell us about the pussy.

I hosted "Behind the Green Groupie Door" back in the day. Things haven't changed at all. Depending on whatever door you open, it's there. Girls were hiding behind curtains in rooms when we checked in. I don't know what band didn't have mother/daughter or sister/sister combos in the '80s. It was crazy, but you didn't even think about it.

I don't want to pig myself, but back then I had a quota of how many women I had in a day. A lot of bands try to live down their past, but why? You can't hide from the truth. I think it sucks when you have band people say: "We didn't do all that. We maybe smoked a little weed."

I say: "Dude, get it straight! You fucking did a bunch of blow, drank like a fish and shot up as much smack as you could while fucking as many girls as you could. Welcome to Ratt and Roll!" (*Laughs.*)

Ever do a chick with a tail?

No, but I look for them now. I see scars and wonder. If I was with a girl and she had one, that would not stop me. I'd rub that nub! (*Laughs.*)

How did comedian Milton Berle end up in early Ratt videos?

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

Our manager, Marshall, was his nephew, and the music video thing was all new. All of a sudden we had to be actors as well as musicians. That's why a lot of those early videos are so corny and cool at the same time. He said we had to have a little humor in the video.

The minute Milton Berle walked onto the set, he took over—literally. The director, Don Letts, just sat by. You see the outtakes, and Milton Berle is yelling, "Motherfucker! I said I wanted to put the dress on here!" All I wanted to know is if he'd fucked Marilyn Monroe. I asked him, and he said he did.

The band would go to Friars Club roasts as Berle's guest, and they would put us at the front table. We saw Shecky Greene and Johnny Carson just drinking and going for it. The best thing we learned from Milton Berle was to add a little humor to whatever we did.

Did Berle, who was rumored to be well-hung, ever challenge you to a "cock off"?

I think it would have taken five Ratt dicks to make one Berle dick. We fucked with him a little about that. We did try to get him a hooker once after one video shoot. We got him the car and the girl, but I don't think he went there.

What is your favorite '80s memory of depravity?

One time we toured with Ozzy, and he wanted Bobby [Blotzer] and I to go back to his hotel room and write songs at three in the morning. We were all fucked up. So we are walking to his room. It was a nice hotel, and people would leave their shoes out in the hall to be shined. As we are walking down the hall, Ozzy says, "Watch this!" And he shits all over these shoes. He was so proud of that, he ran down the hall and woke up Sharon.

Tell us about your new CD, *Under My Skin*.

It's my third solo record, and it's on my own label, Top Field Records. The best thing about this record is that I actually played a lot of the guitar solos myself. I started out as a guitar player, and a lot of people don't know that. It was great to get a full record out there that shows what I'm really all about.

Now that you're back in Ratt, are you in for life?

Whether I like it or not, I'm always going to be in my band. It's the monster I created, and *I'm* the Ratt. ■

MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

KID SISTER
Dream Date
Who would imagine we'd let ourselves sing along to a ditty about some chick getting her nails done? The hit song "Pro Nails," featuring Kanye West, is just the tip of the iceberg on this happy, trippy hip-hop disc.

THE PRETENDERS
Break Up the Concrete
Chrissie Hynde and her latest band of merry men return in a mellow mood. This solid disc includes a flurry of the hard-driving tunes and soulful ballads you've come to expect from the coolest chick to ever step to the microphone. Our only complaint is where's drummer Martin Chambers?

JACK'S MANNEQUIN
The Glass Passenger
When people hear the term "piano rock," they tend to run off screaming—and with good reason. One too many Coldplay wannabes (namely the Fray and Five for Fighting) have given the genre a bad name. JM is nothing like those wussy bands. These guys make piano rock that truly kicks ass.

FRENCH KICKS
Swimming
This disc features numbers like "New Man" that recall early U2, complete with Bono-esque caterwauling. Then you have "Love in the Ruins" and other tracks that channel the less-fey songs of Coldplay. But it's the unabashed Joe Jackson-ish "Sex Tourists" that makes everyone take notice.

THE JACKSONS:
Triumph
Believe it or not, this recently remastered CD actually offers some genuinely brilliant songs, especially "This Place Hotel" (a/k/a "Heartbreak Hotel") and "Can You Feel It." Plus, there are photos of the pre-freaky Michael.

MARILLION
Happiness Is the Road, Volume 1 & 2
On their 15th album, a two-CD set no less, Marillion takes us on an epic adventure split into very distinctive halves. Both do more than provide aural pleasure to the listener; they take you on an amazing, mesmerizing and dazzling journey of emotions and hypnotic beauty.

Because You Can't Watch Just Porn

DVD DISTRACTIONS

STAR TREK
The Original Series, Season Three
Boldly going where man has only gone two seasons before, the final small-screen voyages of the starship *Enterprise* are here on an enhanced and expanded multidisc collection. Scotty, beam us up just one more time!

THE STEWARDESSES IN 3D
This campy 1960s sexploitation flick is stuffed with hot-and-horny flight attendants who engage in raunchy, drug-fueled fun during an 18-hour *lay*-over. All the teasing and pleasing takes place in glorious three-dimension. The two-DVD set includes a pair of specs that make the boobs really pop out.

THE WILD WILD WEST:
The Complete Series
One of television's best shoot-'em-up cowboy shows gets the complete treatment. Every episode is rounded up, along with plenty of bonus materials. Luckily, this box set omitted the shitty Kevin Kline/Will Smith big-screen adaptation.

THE SARAH SILVERMAN PROGRAM:
Season Two, Volume One
What do you call an edgy female comic who is willing to do a boob tube show dealing with licking a dog's asshole and queefing, but isn't willing to do a HUSTLER interview? Sarah Silverman. The first half of the funniest woman in history's second TV season is now on DVD, including the aforementioned canine-licking episode. Come on, Sarah! Talk to us!

THE COMPLETE MONTY PYTHON'S FLYING CIRCUS COLLECTORS EDITION
And now for something completely complete. Every dead parrot, every "spam spam spam spam" and every silly walk is here in this 21-disc set. There are hundreds of "funny bits," not to mention a ton of new features and extras, including personal best collections. ■

MOVIE Mammaries

THE WOMEN OF WEEDS

MARY-LOUISE PARKER

Forty-four-year-old Mary-Louise Parker is the sexiest MILF to ever grace the TV screen. As Nancy Botwin, the pot-dealing suburbanite on Showtime's *Weeds*, the South Carolina native isn't just hot; she's smoking hot! But even before starring on the award-winning series, mesmerizing Mary-Louise already boasted quite a risqué Hollywood résumé.

In the ensemble drama *Grand Canyon* (1991), Parker didn't display *her* grand canyon; instead she offered up glimpses at her twin peaks. Next came the aptly titled *Naked in New York* (1993), featuring a convincing bump-and-grind with costar **Eric Stoltz**. Man, that girl can act! Mary-Louise wore little more than a smile in the supernatural thriller *Let the Devil Wear Black* (1999), while *The Five Senses* (1999) will set all your senses tingling even more as the brunette took to the bedroom for some realistic simulated screwing.

Making '99 a banner (and boner-inducing) year, Parker provided yet another captivating (i.e., naked) turn in *Goodbye Lover.* Although she remained clothed throughout *Master Spy: The Robert Hanssen Story* (2002), if you look closely during the film's pivotal scene, you can spot her hooters in a topless Polaroid. The ultradepressing AIDS miniseries *Angels in America* (2003) would be impossible to watch were it not for Mary-Louise running around

Rent These NOW!

THE FIVE SENSES

GOODBYE LOVER

WEEDS

ANGELS IN AMERICA

MASTER SPY

totally nude for a bushy, full-frontal spectacle.

As for *Weeds*, must-see episodes include: "Risk" (2007), during which Parker shows off her great ass; "He Taught Me How to Drive By" (2007) for some over-the-top cunnilingus; "I Am the Table" (2008) for a topless interlude; and "If You Work for a Living, Why Do You Kill Yourself Working?" (2008), featuring the stark-naked leading lady soaking in a tub. *Weeds* is edgy, funny and filled with Mary-Louise Parker in various states of undress. No wonder it's one of our all-time favorite shows.

ELIZABETH PERKINS

I'M LOSING YOU

Mary Louise Parker's nemesis on *Weeds* is Celia Hodes, the uptight and somewhat-bitchy cancer survivor portrayed by **Elizabeth Perkins**. In real life the spunky cougar (now 49) appears to be anything but bitchy. How else can you explain the acclaimed actress's long, flesh-filled film career? The lady likes to give back to her fans.

We first noticed Perkins when she played **Demi Moore**'s annoying best friend in the romantic comedy *About Last Night…* (1986). She then really stretched her talents and honed her craft by getting naked in a series of memorable movies. *He Said, She Said* (1991) paired Elizabeth with **Kevin Bacon**, offering moviegoers their first glance at her perfect pair. We suggest you pick up the DVD and proceed directly to the steamy shower scene.

Also want to catch Perkins without a stitch as she sparkles in a tub? Check out *Moonlight and Valentino* (1995). Lovely Liz takes things even further in *I'm Losing You* (1998), losing most of her inhibitions (and clothing) for a series of simulated trysts.

Alas, nine excruciating years would pass before Perkins's puppies popped out once again. On the *Weeds* episode "The Two Mrs. Scottsons" (2007) she stripped down for a little self-examination, baring her bouncing breasts, bountiful bush and awesome ass. (Don't worry about the scars; they're just makeup artist wizardry.) Elizabeth Perkins still looks nifty on the verge of 50, and we look forward to seeing more.

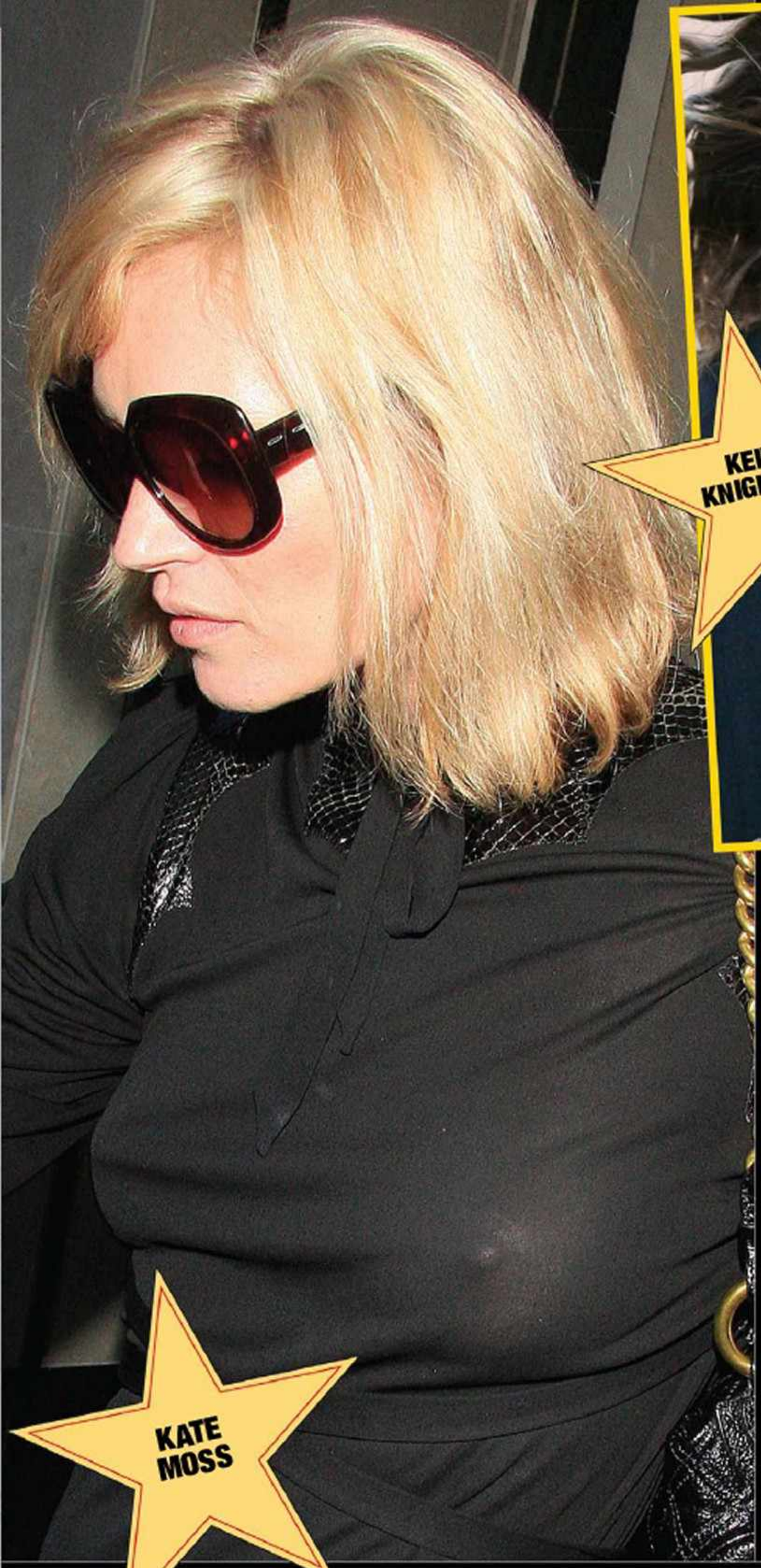
Remember, HUSTLER delivers the best in big-name skin. If there's an actress or famous female you'd like to see in the buff (or close to it), let us know by e-mailing *NakedCelebs@LFP.com*.

FLASH FAME

NOTABLE NIPPLES A-POPPIN'!

LINDSAY LOHAN

When onetime child actress **Lindsay Lohan** isn't busy being secretive (and we guess dykey) with gal pal **SAMANTHA RONSON** or in rehab, she likes to do what all women do—get her hair and nails done. One of our roving photographers captured Lohan as the ravishing redhead exited a Los Angeles-area spa with her freshly blown locks and pointy nipples blowing. We love L.A., where female stars consider undergarments to be optional.



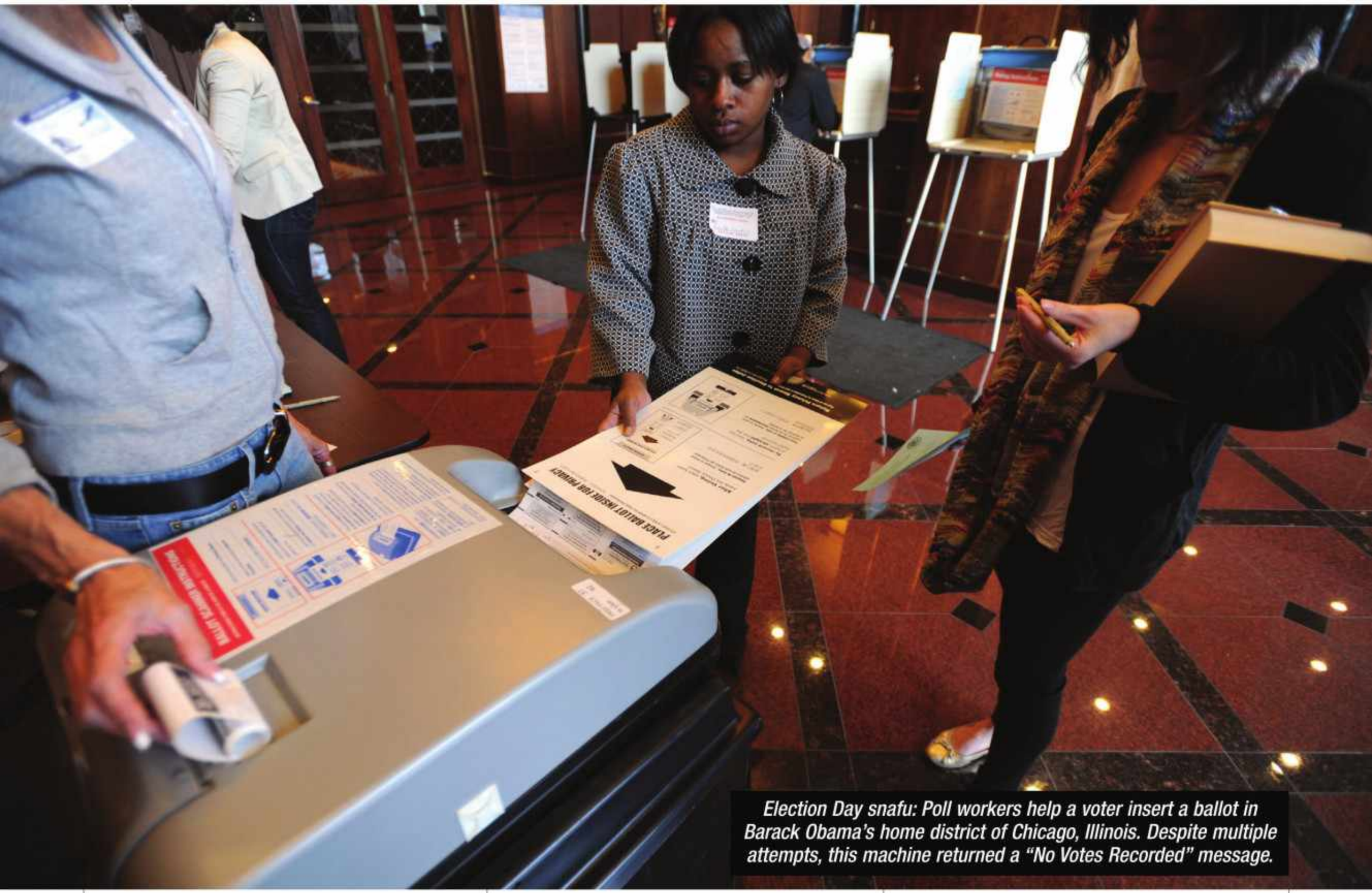
KEIRA KNIGHTLEY

KATE MOSS

Waifish supermodel **Kate Moss** became rich and famous by showing off her scantily clad (not to mention discreetly naked) body in numerous print and TV ads. Now it seems the recovering cocaine addict may be trying to change her image and reinvent herself with a new, conservative look. That would explain why ultraskinny Miss Moss chose to wear a bland turtleneck while making a stop at the trendy L.A. eatery The Ivy. Thankfully, Kate forgot to put on a bra, so we can easily discern the outline of her dandy nipples. Come on, Kate, just be yourself and get totally naked!

Keira Knightley is best known for her stints as Elizabeth Swann in three *Pirates of the Caribbean* films and for being so damn thin—which is not due to any kind of eating disorder, such as bulimia or anorexia. We want to make that crystal-clear. Or, we should say, our lawyers do. Meanwhile, Hollywood's second-highest-paid actress—Knightley reportedly earned 32 million smackers in 2007—was recently spotted in London while walking with a new boyfriend. What really caught our eye was Keira's sheer dress, which just happens to be our favorite kind of feminine garment, especially when it's worn with nothing underneath.

Got any pictures of rail-thin, braless celebutards with extra-pointy nipples? We'd love to share them with the adoring public. Please get in touch with us. We might buy and publish your photos. Fire off an e-mail to *NakedCelebs@LFP.com*.



Election Day snafu: Poll workers help a voter insert a ballot in Barack Obama's home district of Chicago, Illinois. Despite multiple attempts, this machine returned a "No Votes Recorded" message.

(continued from page 80) The assault on Ohio was the linchpin. The GOP went after four-fifths of a million Ohio voters through the Nixon-style dirty tricks of "caging" and "first-time voter challenges."

The caging came as GOP operatives both inside and independent of the Buckeye State's 88 county boards of election did unsolicited mass mailings to mostly Democratic registered voters. When the postal pieces came back (many of the "intended recipients" were fighting in Iraq), the GOP demanded the addressees be disenfranchised.

But after Ohio's new Democratic Secretary of State, Jennifer Brunner, filed an appeal, a federal court stopped this huge disenfranchisement by requiring individual hearings in each case. Succeeding with another appeal, Brunner also preserved the franchise of 200,000 first-time voters when the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that records containing small typographical discrepancies with Social Security or driver's license numbers did not have to be turned over to the counties for massive elimination.

Technically, Brunner is still in litigation, thanks to the King-Lincoln Bronzeville lawsuit. But the following very small sampler might be instructive about what can happen when high-profile litigation is not on the docket:

★ In Ohio's Greene County (the home of five colleges) the Republican sheriff began arrest procedures against more than 300 students whose registrations had either been moved to voting precincts in their school's communities or remained on the rolls at home while they went off to study. The sheriff's attack was watched closely by GOP strip-the-vote teams throughout the U.S. in apparent preparation for a nationwide assault on student voters, whose registrations often are in flux between their permanent and scholastic addresses. Due to a high-profile election protection uproar and a legal countermove, the sheriff was forced to back down, and the nationwide attack fizzled.

The Bush Administration had already fired nine federal prosecutors for refusing to prosecute nonexistent voter fraud and to disenfranchise countless Americans. It had also attacked the voter registration group ACORN for "fraud" on obviously baseless charges quickly dismissed by legal scholars. If not for the public outcry and legal roadblocks, the GOP might well have disenfranchised millions of voters, including students and other under-30 citizens, who went 2-to-1 for Obama.

As they did decisively in both 2000 and 2004, electronic voting machines throughout the U.S. failed in bizarre ways. Precincts repeatedly shut down to "recalibrate," a procedure known to election protection experts as "rerigging." Touch-screen breakdowns in early voting and on Election Day itself led to long lines in a number of Democratic precincts.

In Philadelphia, queues grew to hundreds of voters waiting for hours because electronic machines could not be fired up due to the lack of extension cords to connect them to electrical sources. Across the U.S., touch-screen machines failed to start, misfired or operated on proprietary software their designers refuse to make public to officials or citizen monitoring groups. In Ohio, Jennifer Brunner sued the machine-makers

on grounds of faulty performance. California Secretary of State Debra Bowen had millions of dollars' worth of machines decertified, but then brought some of them back. Virginia and Maryland, having decided to return to paper ballots in 2012, still allowed the use of touch screens in 2008.

★ In several states, outcomes were often suspiciously at odds with pre-election polls, going notably in favor of the Rovian GOP. Pre-election polls showed Democrat Al Franken leading Republican incumbent Norm Coleman for the Minnesota U.S. Senate seat vacated when Paul Wellstone perished in a mysterious 2002 plane crash. Yet election night found the two candidates in a dead heat. Meanwhile, the Senate races in Colorado and Georgia both reeked of election protection "irregularities" in 2008.

From the voting stations to the registration rolls, from the electronic machines to the absentee ballots, the catalog of dubious events surrounding 2008 was documented by dozens of national and hundreds of local groups that were determined to make sure Karl Rove did not get the GOP four more years in another stolen White House.

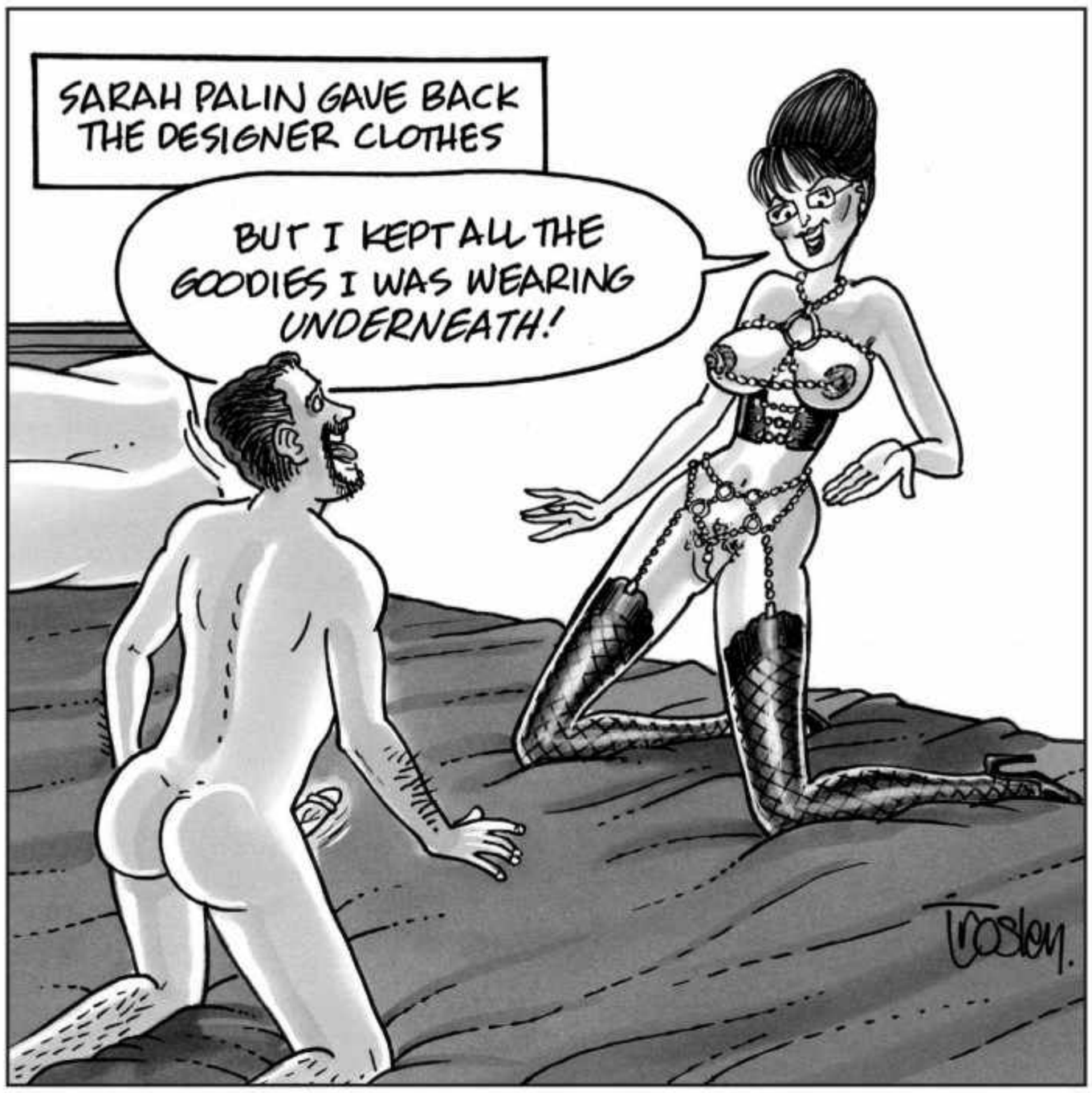
Although these dedicated activists managed to preserve a victory unprecedented in U.S. history, they have escalated their demand for elections that cannot be stolen. This means universal automatic voter registration for everyone who turns 18; ample time for absentee voting; polls open to the public on more than a single November workday; all votes cast on paper ballots; and all votes hand-counted in the presence of private citizens, the media and representatives of political parties, as is done in Germany, Switzerland, Japan and other countries.

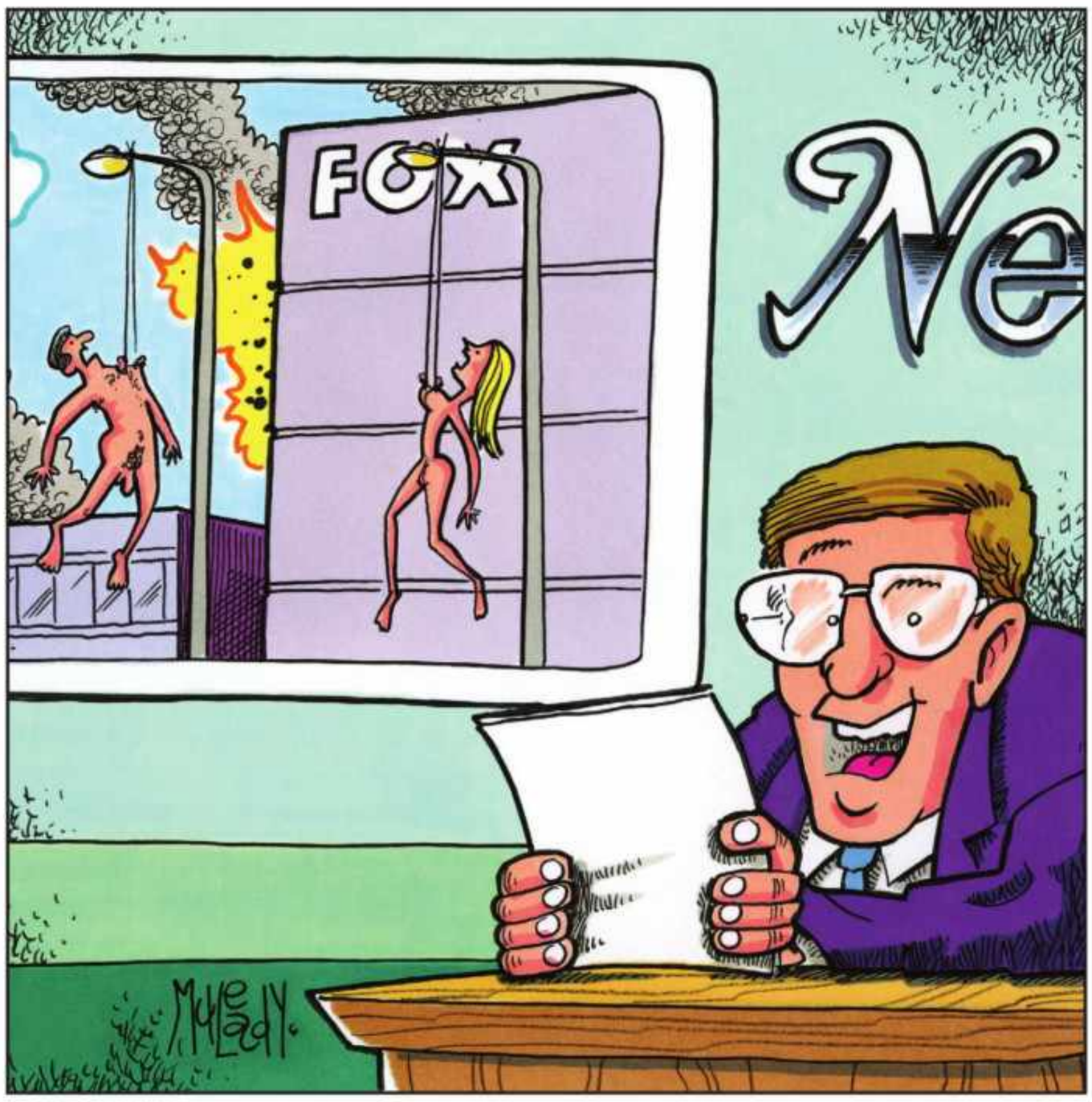
With heavy majorities in Congress and a nation sick of unelected Presidents, Barack Obama should be more than ready to help install a voter registration, vote-casting and -tallying system that's simple, open and based on paper ballots, which can be recounted.

The Democrats and the corporate media are still in denial. So let's keep reminding America and the rest of the world that Barack Obama is residing in the White House because countless activists worked for fair elections to keep Karl Rove's choice out.

We will need this election protection army again in 2012. Are you ready to fight? Or do you crave another round of unelected criminals running this country.

Bob Fitrakis and Harvey Wasserman have written extensively on election protection for HUSTLER. They have authored four books, notably *How the GOP Stole America's 2004 Election & Is Rigging 2008* and *What Happened in Ohio?* (New Press), all available at **FreePress.org**.





"Barack Obama has taken over as the new President of the United States. In other news, an angry mob stormed Fox News offices, dragged Sean Hannity and Ann Coulter from the building and strung them up by their nipples from lampposts. We'll have tomorrow's weather right after this station break."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Laying by the Pool

Look at this nasty little slut laying by the pool with an expression on her face that says, "What the fuck are you staring at?!" Guess she wants some privacy. Maybe she should have thought of that before coming outside in that tiny bikini. This is a public pool.

MEGGAN MALONE & TRENT TESORO

Cue music! Make it a mix of porn flick wa-wa pedal guitar and the *Jaws* theme. Now we see why the chick wants us to stop staring. Some hunk—maybe her boyfriend but probably some random guy—just popped out of the water. Now he's ripping off the nasty nympho's clothes. Look at her juicy little pussy. Wow!

Sorry, but we like to watch. Sadly, if any of us just walked up to a hot girl and started ripping off her clothes, she'd scream rape and call the cops. Trust us, it happens.

How will it end? We'll guess it will wrap up with a nice blast of cum on the babe's lovely face. After all, women love a good facial. Right?

Wait! What, no money-shot? Man, this guy couldn't even finish the job! If it were us, we'd have covered her in it, and she would have begged for more. Okay, we'll stop staring now. We get it: Three's a crowd. We can take a hint.

Damn, she's so nasty.

HUSTLER UNIVERSITY
HUSTLER
REAL COLLEGE GIRLS

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner $350 in financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions in entry form on page 145 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

Real College Girls

Jacquelyn: University of Memphis

"I'm the fun girl everyone likes to hang with," declares this perky U of M business major, whose popularity is sure to soar now that she's graced HUSTLER in all her glory and shared some juicy secrets. Cutting to the chase, Jacquelyn exults, "I love being naked, and I love my body. I'm very self-confident about how I look. Nudity has to be the ultimate form of artistic expression. I can't wait to show my friends the magazine!"

And we can't wait to hear what else the 25-year-old senior, whose nude hijinks include a round of putt-putt golf, dares to express. "I think about sitting in class naked," Jacquelyn admits, "and I never wear panties."

Back in her hometown of Cordova, Tennessee, Jacquelyn was a high school cheerleader, soccer player and cross-country runner, but even without pompoms the 5-foot-7 coed—whose favorite flick is *Animal House*—still has loads of school spirit. And what could be a better stimulus than studying at the U of M, a perennial NCAA hoops powerhouse? "I love the men's basketball team," Jacquelyn roars. "I'm definitely a Tiger."

And that tag also applies to her extracurricular activities. "I love partying, shopping, working out, cleaning and networking," the "big Elvis and Beatles fan" lets fly before unleashing this slam-dunk: "I'm a sex addict and a sex fiend. I could have sex more than I eat. I'm horny all the time. What I enjoy the most is giving head and getting it from behind."

Jacquelyn's best subject is accounting, but her "I'm good with numbers" assessment isn't just a scholastic attribute. "My wildest experience," the bawdy bookworm recalls, "was a threesome with another girl and a guy; it was pretty hot!"

Now will someone please invite Jacquelyn to a toga party?! —Photos by Husband

BY STEPHANIE DUNN

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

Spring Break Cheat Sheet

The sex columnist for the University of Florida's newspaper provides a road map on a rowdy and randy vaycay in the Sunshine State.

Every Spring Breaker has three goals: to get drunk, get sun and get laid. But if your week of debauchery takes you anywhere between Panama City and Key West, Florida, you're going to need to get a clue. As a true Floridian, I'll give you the ins to scoring some sultry Spring Break sex, whether you're in trendy South Florida or in one of the laid-back college towns of North Florida. The University of Florida's campus in Gainesville happens to be central to both, but the Mardi Gras atmosphere permeates the entire state.

It's really Miami's South Beach that offers the quintessential Spring Break experience. The chic stretch of surf boasts the freshest clubs, hardest bodies and most stunning array of oiled fake tits a man could desire. Unless you know the scene and are willing to drop some serious cash, prepare yourself for five nights on a cramped twin in a roach motel, standing in lines that rival Disney World's and having your wallet lifted by a grizzled crackhead while you suffer a heat stroke.

If you think $50, $100 or even $200 will cover your drink budget for a night, think again. Apparently you've never been to Prive, Mansion, Mynt, the Delano or anywhere between Ocean Drive and Washington Avenue. Yet when I go clubbing, I never bring more than a ten in my purse. There's never a shortage of guys slinging martinis at me. Wearing stilettos that cost as much as their rent, South Florida girls will hustle you for cosmos, then flock to a richer and hotter prospect in less time than it takes to ask Little Miss Gucci Handbag where she's from.

If you're serious about getting ass and want to save Mom and Dad's hard-earned cash, go to a less trendy club. Because girls only feel as hot as the club they're in, they will fuck you with tear-the-headboard-off-the-wall passion to show off their prowess, thereby nursing their bruised egos. The same rules apply to the beach. The vixen sunning herself topless wants you around with your sleazy smile and darting eyes about as much as she wants tan lines. Target the girls who brought a Frisbee, boom box, sunblock or anything shareable. These girls will share more than their Coronas with you.

If you want a Spring Break scene that's a little less *Miami Vice* and a little more *Girls Gone Wild*, little old Gainesville may surprise you. Just off the Turnpike, in the heart of the swamp, you will find 50,000 of the hardest partiers in America. Meeting a girl is as easy as chatting her up the whole ten minutes you're in line outside a club.

These lines are the best places to meet girls. You don't have to scream over music, and you're probably still coherent. Girls dig that whole "coherency" thing. The scene might not be Crobar-quality, but it's full of hot-to-trot coeds. And because drinks are usually free for girls, you can spend more time showing off your moves and less time trying to figure out the name of the pink concoction the girl at the bar is guzzling.

"Your place or mine" has no meaning in most college towns, because everything is located within, oh, five square miles of campus. Girls who are prudish at their school lose that Victorian demeanor once they find themselves in a "foreign" environment. All the energy they'd devoted to studying focuses like a laser on fucking a guy senseless without their gossipy sorority sisters finding out.

A college girl on Spring Break at another school won't care what your major is, how much you're spending or often even what your name is. She wants you in her *now* and couldn't care less how much grunting her roommate hears. In all reality the roomie will probably be joining you. The morning after, you and your new lady friends can grab a chair poolside and wait for the festivities to resume. Most apartment complexes host free pool parties, often with DJs, kegs and drunk, bikini-clad girls.

Whether in SoFla or NoFla, some general rules will guarantee you a good time. First, never hit on a girl in a club or bar by immediately grinding against her. More than likely, she doesn't want to feel the head of your dick on her ass crack as you breathe down her neck.

Second, your morning-after strategy should consist of nothing more than a blunt "It was nice getting in you." Spare the weird blabber. This isn't about spending a lifetime together; this is about nailing each other at the spur of the moment.

Third, don't waste money on daytime excursions, attempting to hit every tourist trap in South Florida or wasting gas money trying to find a rapids in the outskirts of Gainesville (think *Deliverance*). If your week goes according to plan, you'll have the bump-bump, after which you can move on to other things, like waking up in a puddle of vomit at three in the afternoon. And that is a Spring Break well done.

Stephanie Dunn is a soon-to-graduate journalism major at the University of Florida. Her column, "Sex on the Avenue," is featured every other week in the *Independent Florida Alligator*, the school's student-run newspaper.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues—contact us at *Features@LFP.com*.

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

*Coming of age: Emma Heart and Maya Gates help the **Bradys** grow up.*

*Oh, **Marcia!** Teagan and Kacey Jordan (left) enjoy their favorite episode.*

*Prime–time slot: Alexis Love and **Brady** girl Aurora Snow do their homework.*

Not the Bradys XXX: Marcia, Marcia, Marcia!

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: WILL RYDER. STARRING: TEAGAN, ALANA EVANS, AURORA SNOW, ALEXIS LOVE, SIENNA WEST, GINA LYNN, MAYA GATES, EMMA HEART, KACEY JORDAN, SCOTT LYONS, MIKEY BUTDERS, KRIS SLATER, JAMES DEEN, DANIEL & EVAN STONE.

Bubble-titted fuckdoll Teagan ably takes over the role of Marcia from Hillary Scott for this sequel to 2008's smash hit. This time out the spoiled pubescent pris dreams of meeting pop idol Danny Jones and enlists the clan to help in her cockquest. No Brady is left unlaid. Full of funny performances, corny jokes and solid sitcum action—not to mention stellar guest appearances by busty phenom Gina Lynn and Latina princess Alexis Love—this *Bradys* is as much filthy fun as the original. Fans of Teagan are also advised to see her play a curious and horny Tabitha in Will Ryder's *Not Bewitched XXX*, which got a fully erect accolade here last month. And check out our sneak peeks at HUSTLER's upcoming spoofs of *Gilligan's Island* (pages 64-76) and *I Love Lucy* (pages 126-127). **—M.J.**

Icon

SEX Z PICTURES. DIRECTOR: ELI CROSS. STARRING: HILLARY SCOTT, JENNIFER DARK, TORI BLACK, MORGAN LAYNE, TRINITY POST, TRINA MICHAELS, HOLLY WELLIN, HEIDI MAYNE, EVAN STONE, MARCO BANDERAS, CHRISTIAN, TYLER KNIGHT, ALEC KNIGHT, CHEYNE COLLINS, ALEX SANDERS, MARK DAVIS & MICK BLUE.

It seems like just yesterday that Hillary Scott was a shy newbie with an uncanny knack for not wincing no matter how much man-meat got shoved up her backside. Now she's a porn icon boasting the PR title of "first million-dollar contract girl." This glossy, gaudy, four-disc showcase starts out with a big promise from the pouty princess herself: "Let's make a movie people want to see." And despite this affair's overproduced look, Hillary's enthusiasm for slurping, gagging, oozing, ass-hammering filth shines through. Maybe she's out to prove she's worth a million. You'll get no argument from us. *Icon*—which comes with loads of bonus scenes—is also full of snotty little scenes in which Hillary and her pals diss just about everybody in the industry. Apparently, smut fame turns you into a spoiled, sarcastic bitch. It's annoying, but probably accurate. Hillary went platinum blond for this, by the way, à la Marilyn Monroe. We got to admit, it works. Still, when we hang Hillary's portrait next to MM's, we'll opt for a shot of Ms. Scott's elastic asshole. Now *that's* iconographic! **—M.J.**

Face time: Sunny Leone tempts Audrey and Tommy with her ***Other Side.***

Matt and Mindy give ***Sunny*** *the star treatment.*

The Other Side of Sunny

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: B. SKOW. STARRING: SUNNY LEONE, OKLAHOMA, MINDY MAIN, AUDREY BITONI, RUBY RYDER, MATT ERICKSON, JERRY, TOMMY GUNN & EVAN STONE.

The box cover and menu might make you expect an artful homage to good ol' grindhouse smut. Unfortunately, what you get is average Vivid-style porn. And we're not sure what Sunny's "other side" is supposed to be. (Another unnecessary boobjob maybe?) But even standard-issue Sunny is worth more whacks than your average cum fiend. It's always great seeing her get fucked after years in the girl/girl desert—even if the only guy she'll give it up to is Matt Erickson. (We won't bother dissing him; he'll just think we're jealous.) One day, if there's a porn god, we'll see our Punjabi princess pounded in the ass by a huge cock. Until then, console yourself with Sunny and Audrey Bitoni spanking each other's asses and jiggling each other's augmentations. Tommy Gunn shows up in the threesome finale and bangs Audrey, but is careful not to let his one-eyed snake so much as glance at Sunny the untouchable. What a gentleman! ***—M.J.***

Road tripper Jenny Hendrix finds a
Wicked way to pitch in on gas money.
Wicked in a good way: Kaylani Lei
is a true friend with benefits.
Sophia Santi offers
The Wicked Mikayla
Mendez supplication.

The Wicked

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: MICHAEL RAVEN. STARRING: KAYLANI LEI, JENNY HENDRIX, STORMY DANIELS, TORI BLACK, SOPHIA SANTI, ROXY DEVILLE, MIKAYLA MENDEZ, SCARLETT FAY, BARRETT BLADE, VOODOO, DERRICK PIERCE, EVAN STONE, AARON WILCOX, JOHNNY CASTLE, ROCCO REED & BARRY SCOTT.

The bloodsucking undead are trendy as all hell these days, and Wicked Pictures was wise to unleash this cash-burner before everybody got sick of vampires. You don't get a lot of wickedness in *The Wicked*, or much gore, but it's not a ripoff either. Director Raven sets up his flick as a suspense thriller with a bitchy (and overly annoying) Kaylani Lei and her friends heading to a desert rave. Along the way we get plenty of fucking and foreshadowing that more fucking—and a ton of bad shit—is about to happen. It's a tough balancing act, but whenever the tension starts to go soft, jaw-dropping Stormy Daniels shows up and injects some dick-hardening screen presence. Overall, *The Wicked* is uneven and could use some genuine scares, but if you're a horny horror geek looking for a break from storyless gonzo, there's enough payoff here to keep you gawking as if some ungodly creature sucked out your brain. ***—M.J.***

Open season: Audrey (left and bottom), Dana (above) and Emma bag some ***Monster Black Dicks.***

White Chicks Love Monster Black Dicks

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: RICHARD DE MONTFORT. STARRING: DANA DEARMOND, KATRINA ANGEL, TOTALLY TABITHA, AUDREY ELSON, EMMA CUMMINGS, JOHN E. DEPTH, JON Q., SLEDGE HAMMER, SHORTY MAC, JASON BROWN & JUSTIN LONG.

HUSTLER could no longer let the likes of *Blackzilla* and *Manaconda* have all the fun in the exploding Monster Black Dicks interracial market. So we rounded up some of the industry's most reliable blood sausage and set 'em loose on a pack of nasty, ass-sucking pale chicks. The result: lots of gagging, slurping and hollering about "that big black dick in my tight white hole." Not original, but functional. Hipster hottie Dana DeArmond's anal plunge with Sledge Hammer is arguably the high point, but every scene is worth a gawk. We're partial to cuddly-cute Emma Cummings, whom you may remember from *Barely Legal Baby Fat*. She's grown into a fine ambassador to the black community. Remember the interracial motto: If it's good enough for the White House, it's even better for your pussy! ***—M.J.***

SNEAK PEEK

Lucy, You Got Some Splayin' to Do!

SUPER-CORE COUPLE OTTO & AUDREY GIVE SCREWBALL A NEW MEANING IN HUSTLER'S LATEST CLASSIC-TV SPOOF.

Why did Ricky Ricardo leave the Latin paradise of Havana just to live in a dingy apartment with ditzy redhead Lucy? That's what thousands of Americans have wondered for years watching *I Love Lucy* reruns in black-and-white, hoping for a more Technicolor time bomb when Ricky would snap, bend Lucy over the sofa and prove that the carpet matched the drapes.

HUSTLER's *Everybody Loves Lucy* finally gets to the bottom of Ricky's desire to come to America and Audrey Hollander. As both the titular and *assular* character, Audrey gives new meaning to "Lucille Ball." In a case of smut mirroring life, her real-life husband, Otto Bauer, plays Ricky.

Otto filled us in on the plot: "Ricky runs a swingers club, and Lucy and Ethel [juicy Chennin Blanc] sneak inside in a pair of conga drums."

Then you fuck them? "Then they get fucked, yes," Otto concurs.

According to screenwriter Roger Krypton, the storyline is like a pornified double episode of *I Love Lucy*. "Audrey and Otto were perfect for this," adds director Jerome Tanner, best known in pornland for *The Da Vinci Load*.

"Of course, they called Audrey first, to make sure she was onboard," Otto butts in. "Redheads are hard to pin down."

That may be why Ricky keeps an iron grip on his. Everybody loves Lucy, but only Ricky gets to prove it. At least until our hapless heroine runs into a couple of aliens. (Apparently from Uranus, if you know what we mean.)

Along the way, Ricky takes an English lesson with teacher Ricki White that ends with his cock in her ass. ("*Siiiii*," Otto says with gusto.) Lucy, meanwhile, gets down with the girls in the beauty salon. "I like getting the pinup roles rather than just the throw-her-down-and-fuck-her-in-the-ass roles," Audrey 'splains. But you're thrown down and fucked in the ass in *Everybody Loves Lucy*, right? "Yes," she replies, showing off her vintage look, "but look at this dress!"

It's gorgeous, all right, but if we know Lucy, it won't stay on for long.

—Gram Ponante

Otto & Audrey as Ricky & Lucy.

Ricki meets Ricky.

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Anniversary girl: Jenny Hendrix shines in **Barely Legal #75.**

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"His code name will be 'N-word.' Let's try to keep him alive, gentlemen."

CELESTE STAR

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL PRODUCTIONS

I've been in the adult business since 2004," says HUSTLER favorite **Celeste Star**, "meaning I've pretty much done and seen it all. But this shoot was different. We found this burned-out, abandoned building and went for it. At one point a homeless guy came out of one of the rooms, startling me. He just stared at me with my pussy in the air. He must have thought he was dreaming."

Celeste was once a dreamer herself. "I'm glad to be back in the pages of HUSTLER," she tells us. "Your magazine holds a special place in my heart. When I was on the cover of the March 2005 issue, my career was just starting to catch fire. It was that cover that really made a lot of people in the industry take notice. I will forever be grateful to HUSTLER for helping me go from adult actress to porn star."

In front of the camera, **Celeste** is highly entertaining, but she also enjoys being entertained at a high volume. "I love heavy metal and hard rock," she chirps. "I try to see as many bands as I can. I just got AC/DC tickets, and I can't wait for the show. I also hope that Led Zeppelin will finally tour again. That would be awesome! I like banging my head almost as much as I like getting banged."

CELESTE STAR'S VITAL FACTS:

HOMETOWN: Pomona, California | AGE: 22 | BIRTH SIGN: Capricorn | HEIGHT: 5-7 | WEIGHT: 112 | MEASUREMENTS: 34C-25-36

How much does **Celeste** like getting banged? "Are you kidding me?!" she howls. "I need it at least once a day! If I don't get it, I turn into a real bitch."

See heavenly Celeste Star do it right in *Hot Showers #16*, *Masturbation Mania*, *Barely Legal: Innocence* and *Dance on Fire* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

"I'm fixin' to lynch myself in the backyard, Emma-Lou. My nation has deserted me!"

WHEN I DREAM OF US TOGETHER, GINA, WE ARE LIVING A FULL, RICH AND WONDERFULLY HAPPY LIFE!

OH, AND WHEN I DREAM OF US TOGETHER, ERIC, YOU HAVE THIS BIG HONKING NIGGER DICK!

J. BILLSTEE

■ "I can't see myself stripping," maintains this "kinky" single mom from South Roxana, Illinois. "It's the wrong atmosphere, but I've always wanted to pose nude for a magazine. The thought of men jerking off to my pictures makes me wet." Born in Texas and raised in Hollywood, Randal, 22, comes our way shorn down below and brimming with enthusiasm. "I need to be fucked at least four times a day, and if I'm not getting fucked, I masturbate," the 5-foot-7 neophyte confides. "I'm down for anything. I love hair-pulling, getting choked, biting, scratching and having my boyfriend's fingers in my asshole when he's doing me doggy-style." Randy Randal also boasts a "lipstick bisexual" mode. "I love eating pussy and being fucked by a girl with a toy," she divulges. "My favorite TV show is *The L Word*, so I often fantasize about having sex with Shane in public. What a rush that would be!" —Photos by Boyfriend

■ Metropolis, Illinois, is lionized as Superman's hometown, but now it can lay claim to this foxy Beaver. "I hope your readers become men of steel gawking at my pictures," bellows Bambi, 23, a stay-at-home mom and avid hunter and golfer. Adding ammo to her overall luster, the 5-foot-9 networking, *Criminal Minds* and country music buff tosses in, "I'm kinky, and pretty much anything goes. Giving my boyfriend blowjobs is one of my joys, so's being tied up, and we enjoy looking for out-of-the-ordinary places to get our rocks off. I also fantasize about being with another women." No Lois Lane, Bambi blissfully gushes, "I have a talent few people know about: I'm a squirter! G-spot orgasms are just super!" So's Bambi. —Photos by Boyfriend

ROBYNN BANXXX

"I've never been a stripper or anything like that, but I did want to fulfill my fantasy of being naked in HUSTLER," chirps Robynn Banxxx, 23, an "open-minded MILF" from Hastings, Minnesota. "If you have a nice body, why not use it to the best of your ability?" That she does and then some. "My favorite book is Jenna Jameson's *How to Make Love Like a Porn Star*," Robynn reveals, along with the burgeoning wherewithal to pen an erotic best-seller of her own. "I get turned on when a man fingers me and wants to fuck me against a wall or while we're taking a bath together," she sighs. "I also love a little biting on my neck, pulling hair, sitting on a man's face, giving him head and riding his hard cock till we both come." No wonder Chinese symbols blazon *nymphomaniac* on the 5-foot-1 looker's left arm. Adds the spunky server at a popular watering hole and devotee of photography, floral design, networking and Nirvana, "I love watching amateur and wife-swapping porn and anything with Jenna. I make my own porn too. When I masturbate, I usually film myself going at it." Keep going, darling! "I'm dying to have a threesome with my man and another woman. The thought of getting my pussy licked and fingered while some nice slut sucks on my tits gets me wet. So does playing with my ass. Under the right circumstances I'll beg for anal." Behold Miss Right! —Photos by Robynn Banxxx

"I idolize Marilyn Monroe, who's always looking on as I get naked, horny and nymphomaniacal."

"I'm up for a hot chick to lick my pussy in a public bathroom!"

FARRAH

"Time is short, so live life to the fullest," suggests this 5-foot-8 artist from Oneonta, New York, and is she ever. "I love having my pussy eaten, eaten, eaten, my ass too, and being rubbed from head to toe," Farrah affirms. "I've experienced girls, but I prefer men. With either, I'm spontaneous and unpredictable. I'll even strap on a dildo and fuck my boyfriend. It makes my pussy *so-o-o-o* wet." Farrah is also big on baseball and *The Sopranos*, but Tony doesn't cut the mustard. "I'd love to have sex with Robert De Niro," the threesome fancier discloses. "Having two Italian men at the same time is one of my fantasies. Hairy chests: yum, yum, yum!" Naked lady: yum, yum, yum! "I'll like looking at myself in the magazine, and I'm not getting any younger," Farrah, 34, acknowledges. "I hope your readers use their imaginations when they see me."—Photos by Farrah

ANNETTE

"I love life, and I love myself" is the motto of this immodest secretary from Grand Rapids, Michigan, who found a copy of HUSTLER hidden under her boyfriend's mattress and quickly snapped some shots to send our way. "Not that I'm an exhibitionist or anything," Annette, 41, remarks. "I secretly taped lots of sexual incidents at an earlier job, and lately I've been posting naked pictures of myself on the Web." Also partial to roller-skating, swimming and karaoke, the 5-foot-5 Patsy Cline acolyte coos, "I love to sing. I have a beautiful voice. Guess I missed my calling." In lieu of crooning her fave Patsy tune, "Blue Moon of Kentucky," Annette pounds out a rhapsody of lust: "Sex makes me almost insane. I'm usually a raging lesbo, especially during a brutal 69, but I can't give up the dick." Or impromptu liaisons. Topping Annette's fantasy playlist is "seducing a doctor in his office, with the female assistant joining in, of course; can't forget about her!" And here's music to pro-pube die-hards' ears: "I've never shaved and never will. I get no complaints, and my lovers always come back for seconds." —Photos by Annette

SAVANNAH

■ "My husband opened my eyes to a whole new side of me and my sexuality, a side we both enjoy," marvels Savannah, 21, a cashier from Butlerville, Indiana. "I'm honored to be in your amazing magazine." And the 5-foot-7 Hoosier honors us with amazing scuttlebutt: "My hobbies are mudding on four-wheelers and jacked-up four-wheel-drive Chevys, horseback riding, dancing and sex—lots of it, with me squirting all over the place!" Relishing her newfound openness, Savannah relates, "I'm spontaneous, outgoing and bi-curious. Someday I want my husband to fuck me from behind while I get to eat a tight, pink, wet pussy and make the girl we're with come, her juices dripping off my chin and down my throat. Then, while I'm sucking away on my guy's big cock—he really, really loves my blowjobs—the other girl licks my pussy and makes *me* come. Finally, we both get on all fours so hubby can fuck and satisfy us some more!"

—Photos by Husband

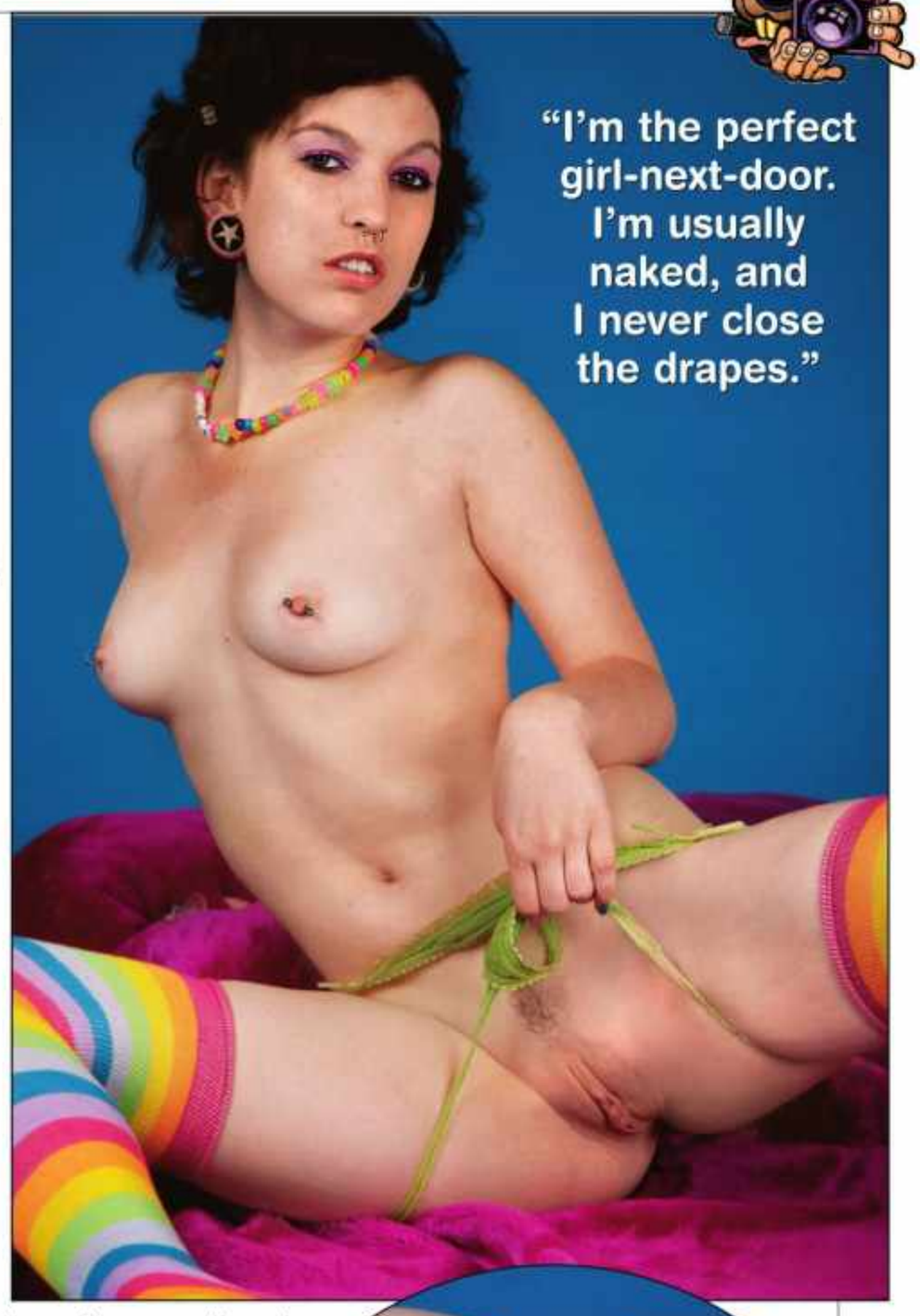
MILF CHERYL

■ So who's this knock-knock-knockering on our door? A brazen denizen of Glenpool, Oklahoma, with a huge hankering to be here. "Larry Flynt will be proud having me in his dirty, naughty magazine," hoots MILF Cheryl, 34, "and so will I." The 5-foot-3 "excellent cook" lists her hobbies as "shopping, running, softball, taking pics, playing dress-up and sex," but that last item gets top billing. "I love giving blowjobs, having threesomes with two men—I'm not into the girl thing at all—and looking at guys' butt-holes," Cheryl avows. "And ever since I told hubby I just might want to be a porn star, he's been shooting videos of me having sex with other men." In keeping with her hospitable and submissive nature, Cheryl shares this lurid fantasy: "While I'm cooking dinner, a stranger bursts in the front door, ties me up to the couch and rapes me."

—Photos by Husband

BRIENE

"My neighbors must love me," proclaims Briene, 18, of Plano, Illinois. "I sit in my room naked all day, fingering myself for a pervy Web site. Pretty cool, hey? I get paid to masturbate." But that's not all that gets Briene (pronounced BREE-in) off. "I'm a computer meganerd," reckons the 5-foot-7 libertine. "I'm obsessed with video games, especially *World of Warcraft* and *Bioshock*. I also love spinning fire poi, collecting rubber ducks, going to raves and having lots of hot sex." On that note, Briene raves about her derring-do. "You could say I'm crazy and psychotic," she spouts. "I once poured some Jäger over a girl's pussy while eating her out. So far, two guys have fucked me in the ass, I love fucking it myself as well, and I just accomplished deep-throating. I worship the penis. I also dabble in Shibari. That's Japanese bondage art. I can tie myself and others up pretty quick in interesting ways." To say the least, Briene is dandy eye candy and an interesting damsel to boot. —Photos by Friend



"I'm the perfect girl-next-door. I'm usually naked, and I never close the drapes."

"Every word for *vagina* is awesome. *Pussy*, *cunt*, *nookie* and *twat* just roll off the tongue, which reminds me..."

"One of my fantasies is to be eaten out by a girl in a dressing room at a mall."

MARIE

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

"I'm friendly, outgoing and nice to be around," professes this tantalizing MILF from Carlsbad, California. "And I enjoy being naked." That praiseworthy attribute is quite apparent as Marie, 21, shucks her plaid duds as a top-notch *Beaver Hunt* rookie. "I also enjoy shopping, hanging out at the beach, *Sex and the City*, hip-hop, Mexican food and pizza," the 5-foot-5 cutie rattles off. But how's this for a friendly persuasion? "I'm bi," the networking aficionada asserts, "and I really like big cocks, oral sex and doggy-style fucking." Olé! —Photos by Friend

JENNIFER

Hailing from humble New Bloomfield, Pennsylvania, this stay-at-home mom just couldn't stay out of her favorite adult mag. "I like looking at all the girls," confesses Jennifer, 27. "Then one day I got the urge to see if HUSTLER liked me. When I told my husband I wanted to send in some naked pictures, he was all for it and had fun taking them." Also baring her heart and soul, the 5-foot-5 newbie continues, "My hobbies are crafts, reading romance and suspense novels and having sex with my husband. I think I'm a very good wife because I try to please him any way and anywhere I can. We do crazy stuff in different places, like on the kitchen table." Capping her showcase, Jennifer muses, "My sexual fantasies are to have a threesome with hubby and another person and go one-on-one with a girl. I've only done that twice." —Photos by Husband

WIN BIG BUCKS!

ARE YOU AN AMATEUR EXHIBITIONIST 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER?

If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* competition wants you! Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets $350 and a chance at posing for a layout worth $2,500. (The layout winner's shooter will pocket $250.) All lensmen of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* are entitled to a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the model release below and provide the requisite documentation. We hope to see you here soon.

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To enter, you must be 18 years of age or older at the time the photographs, transparencies or digital images are taken, and you must fill out and send this entire release and a **legible COLOR photocopy of a valid government-issued driver's license, passport or state ID card** (with photo, date of birth and signature). Provide photocopy, not original. All entries must include at least six sharply focused color prints, transparencies or digital images. All photos become the unreturnable property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos we purchase. Send photos, identification and this release with all information requested to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. **Contest not open to residents of Arizona.** Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

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Name to be published | Date images were produced (month/date/year)

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Warning: Anyone falsely signing this release form other than the model or photographer described herein may be subject to monetary damages and/or prosecution. The undersigned hereby declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information set forth is true and correct.

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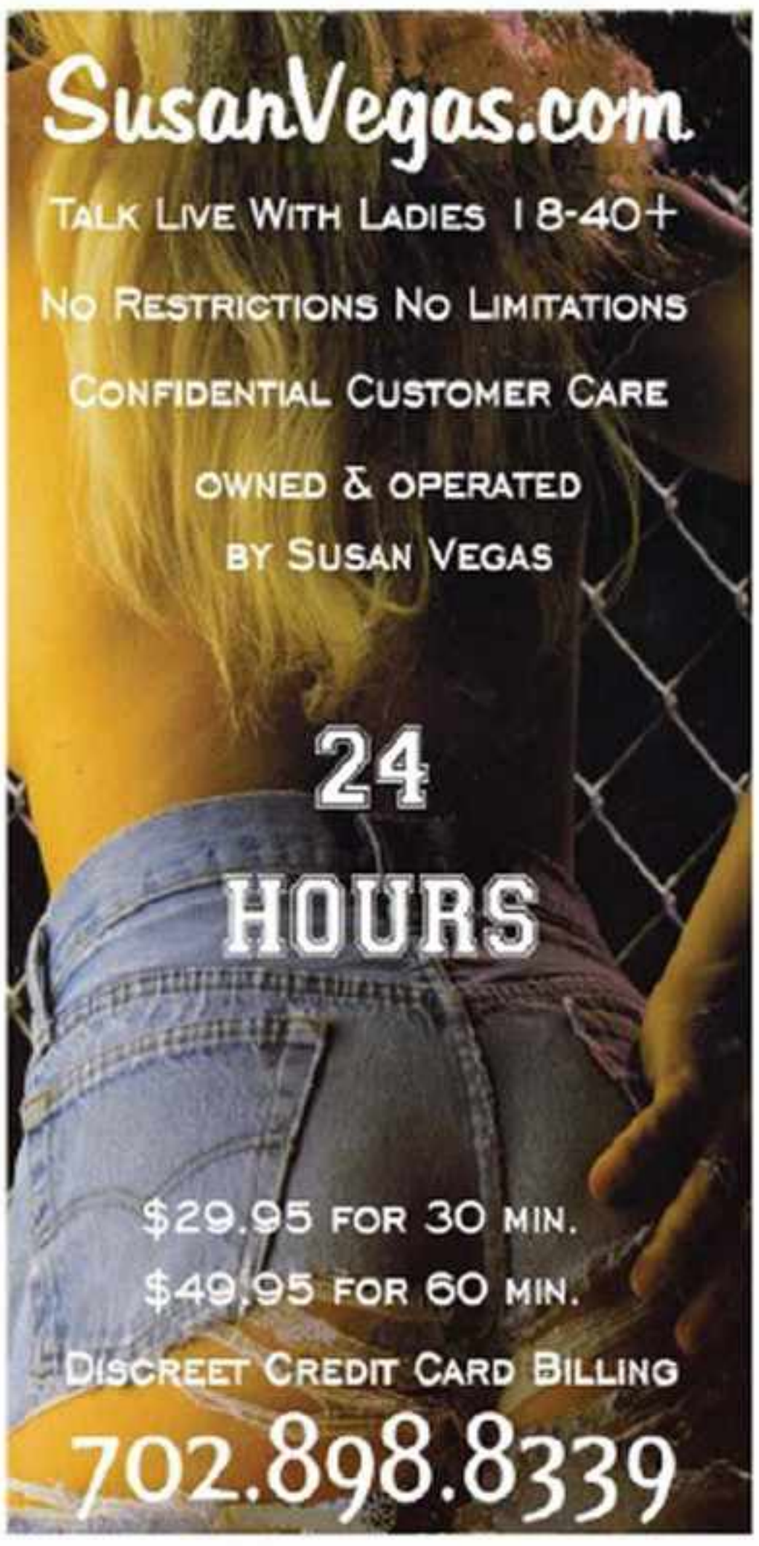
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One of a Kind

SNOWFLAKE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGTAL DESIRE

How did a newcomer end up with such a cool name? “Well, you know that no two snowflakes are alike,” the certified hottie reminds us. “Each one that falls is totally unique. That’s why I picked my name. I’m unlike any other girl out there. There may be other girls doing what I do, but none are as good as me. My style, look and charm are all totally unique and original.”

When it comes to sex, **Snowflake** is extra-special. "I don't just *like* giving head," she explains. "I love it! A lot of girls do it because they feel like they have to. With me, it's a huge turn-on. Guys love it when I do it, so why wouldn't I want to?"

Adds sexy **Snowflake**, "I like it when a guy grabs me by the hair and moans. The best part is when he blasts cum in my mouth. I always swallow it down happily—always!"

Anything else? "I also don't go in for all that romance stuff. I'm a wham-bam-thank-you kind of gal. Quickies are hot, especially in places where you're not supposed to have sex. The outdoors makes me come quickly."

Has the statuesque Midwesterner lived out all her fantasies? “Not yet!” **Snowflake** exclaims. “I’ve done a lot but not everything. I’ve tried anal sex a few times, but it hasn’t worked out. My asshole is way too tight. Still, I want to do anal sometime soon. I also want to have a threesome with a guy and a girl. I’ve never been with a woman yet but have always wanted to. I’m young and willing, so it’s sure to happen one of these days.”

SNOWFLAKE’S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Detroit, Michigan | AGE: 19 | BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio | HEIGHT: 5-8 | WEIGHT: 128

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ARIEL

COMING NEXT

BASEBALL ISSUE—PLAY BALL '09

THE TOP 10

HUSTLER presents ten Major League teams to keep an eye on this coming season—and ten players sure to break records. Noted sportswriter Scott Ostler offers an insider's peek into the dugouts.

"BASEBALL ANNIES"

Groupies are as much a part of America's pastime as peanuts and Cracker Jack—and just as tasty. M. Allen Nathan looks at the sexiest diamond dolls and the star players who swing with them.

PLUS: The world's most expensive baseball cards—antique cardboard giveaways now worth a fortune.

THE SARAH PALIN CHRONICLES

Noel "Scotch" Anderson skewers Caribou Barbie and her return to the frozen tundra in this scandalously funny comic strip.

MONSTERS OF ROCK

Wanna party? Well, Sammy Hagar and Michael Anthony have a seat at the bar reserved for you. Check out Music Editor Keith Valcourt's exclusive interviews with both the Red Rocker and the former Van Halen bassist.

SALVIA—THE NEW LEGAL HIGH

It's cheap, it makes you instantly loaded, and there is only one drawback: the hallucinogen could soon be outlawed. Find out about the latest mind-bending drug—and why the government is trying to make it illegal.

WHO KILLED MICHAEL CONNELL?

In the wreckage of a small plane outside Akron, Ohio, was a man at the heart of the George W. Bush computer matrix—and possibly the designer of the 2004 election theft. Michael Connell died after he was subpoenaed to tell all he knew. Attorney Bob Fitrakis and investigator Harvey Wasserman reveal the facts.

BODY PAINTING

These luscious females seem to be wearing jumpsuits, swimsuits and business suits—but looks are deceiving! They're actually butt naked, their bodies painted courtesy of painstaking artists. You won't believe these babes are nude; so look again…and again…and again!

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